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THE FIELD THIRD READER



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THE FIELD THIRD READER

BY

WALTER TAYLOR FIELD

*Author of Fingerposts to Children's Reading,
and joint author, with Dr. Ella Flagg Young,
of the Young and Field Literary Readers*

Illustrated by Blanche Fisher Taite



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CONTENTS

	PAGE
INDIAN MYTHS AND LEGENDS	
HOW THE WILD ROSES GOT THEIR THORNS	9
HOW MAPLE SUGAR CAME	13
SONG OF THE BIRDS	18
HOW THE CRANE BECAME A FISHERMAN	20
LITTLE DAWN BOY AND THE RAINBOW TRAIL <i>Retold from Frances Jenkins Olcott</i>	25
AUTUMN NATURE STORIES	
THE ROSE AND THE APPLE	36
THE LITTLE GRAY BIRD <i>Marie L. Van Vorst</i>	49
THE STORY OF GRILLO THE CRICKET <i>Adapted from the French of Ernest Candèze</i>	50
THE ANTS <i>Clinton Scollard</i>	75
THE ROBIN THAT WOULD NOT GO SOUTH	76
THE FOUR BIG BROOMS <i>Mary B. Street</i>	84
THE FAIRIES	
FAIRY SONG <i>Rose Fyleman</i>	86
YESTERDAY IN OXFORD STREET . . . <i>Rose Fyleman</i>	87
THE GREEDY WOODCUTTER AND THE FAIRY RING <i>Folk Tale</i>	90
BLUEBELLS <i>Walter de la Mare</i>	97
BUTTERFLY'S DIAMOND . <i>Retold from Lydia M. Child</i>	98
I ALMOST GOT TO FAIRYLAND ONE DAY <i>Mary Carolyn Davies</i>	110

	PAGE
THE THIRSTY STONES <i>Folk Tale</i>	112
THE FROST FAIRIES <i>Melville Chater</i>	121

STORIES OF BOYS, GIRLS, AND ANIMALS

THE BOY AND THE ROBBERS	122
FULL MOON <i>Walter de la Mare</i>	127
GEORGE AND POLLY'S GOBLIN	128
THE LITTLE PLANT IN THE WINDOW SPEAKS <i>Annette Wynne</i>	135
THE PARROT THAT TALKED TOO MUCH	136
HAPPY JACK <i>Ralph Bergengren</i>	139
GRANDFATHER'S PRIZE PIG <i>Retold from Carolyn Sherwin Bailey</i>	141
KITE WEATHER <i>Ralph Bergengren</i>	149

FOLK TALES FROM OTHER LANDS

WHY THE TIGER AND THE STAG DO NOT LIKE EACH OTHER <i>Brazilian Folk Tale</i>	151
A RIDDLE <i>Old English</i>	159
THE WONDERFUL COW <i>Irish Folk Tale</i>	162

SOME POEMS BY A LITTLE GIRL

VELVETS <i>Hilda Conkling</i>	179
DANDELION <i>Hilda Conkling</i>	181
ROSE-MOSS <i>Hilda Conkling</i>	182
MOUSE <i>Hilda Conkling</i>	183

OLD STORIES OF ADVENTURE

HOW GIDEON AND THREE HUNDRED MEN CHASED AN ARMY <i>Retold from the Bible</i>	184
HOW JASON BROUGHT HOME THE GOLDEN FLEECE <i>Retold from Apollonius of Rhodes</i>	192

	PAGE
HOW SIR GALAHAD FOUND HIS SWORD AND HIS SHIELD	
<i>Retold from Sir Thomas Malory</i>	205
BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL	Scottish Ballad 217

STORIES FROM AMERICAN HISTORY

A VISIT TO THE INDIANS	
<i>Retold from the Journal of Arend Van Curler</i>	218
HOW BIRD WOMAN HELPED TO FIND A WAY TO THE	
OCEAN <i>Retold from the Lewis and Clark Journal</i>	233

SPRINGTIME VERSES

SPRING'S AWAKENING	<i>Isabel Ecclestone Mackay</i> 248
APPLE BLOSSOMS	<i>John Farrar</i> 250
THE GRASS	<i>Emily Dickinson</i> 251

STORIES OF TRAVEL

A RIDE IN AN AIRPLANE	
<i>Adapted from William Lee Richardson</i>	252
IN AN AFRICAN FOREST.	<i>Retold from R. L. Garner</i> 262

STORIES FOR HOLIDAYS

THE JACK-O'-LANTERN	274
THE THANKSGIVING DINNER THAT RAN AWAY	
<i>Adapted from Carolyn Sherwin Bailey</i>	282
IF I WERE SANTA'S LITTLE BOY	
<i>Mary Carolyn Davies</i>	289
SANTA CLAUS AND THE TOYS THAT CAME TO LIFE .	292

WORDS FOR PHONETIC DRILL	301
UNPHONETIC WORDS.	315

MARKS THAT SHOW SOUNDS

At the end of each lesson are the harder words, marked so that you will know how to pronounce them. Five marks are used in this book :

A straight mark over a vowel (¯) shows that the sound is *long*, as in *fāce*, *bē*, *tīe*, *rōad*, *ūse*.

A curved mark like this (ˇ) shows that the sound is *short*, as in *măn*, *gět*, *īt*, *ön*, *rŭn*.

Two dots over the letter *a* (ä) show that the sound is the same as in *ärm*, *fäther*, *hä hä*.

A little curved mark under the letter *c*, like this (ç), shows that the sound of *c* is like *s* in "sun," as in *fäce*, *miçe*, *çellar*.

A mark after a syllable, like this ('), shows that the syllable is to be accented, that is, pronounced a little louder than the other syllables, as in *dāy'light*, *bē'ing*, *höt'ter*, *fä'ther*.

Letters in parentheses () are not to be sounded, as in *hi(gh)*, *thŭm(b)*, *li(gh)t'nīng*, *cās(t)l(e)*.

The editor thanks Miss Adah F. Whitcomb and her assistants in the children's department of the Chicago Public Library for help in locating some of the stories which he has used.

THE FIELD THIRD READER



THE FIELD THIRD READER

HOW THE WILD ROSES GOT THEIR THORNS ¹

The Indians say that once the wild roses had no thorns. The stems were smooth. The leaves were tender. Beautiful pink blossoms covered the bushes.

The rabbits found them very good to eat — so good that they left the grass and other green things and ate only rose bushes. Soon there were only a few rose bushes left in the world.

The rose bushes that were left knew it would soon be their turn to be eaten. Then there would be no roses in the world. That would be a very sad thing indeed.

¹ Retold from "Algonquin Indian Tales," by Egerton R. Young. Copyright, 1903, by The Abingdon Press. Used by permission.

Something must be done. So the roses asked the help of the South Wind.

“O South Wind,” said one, “what shall we do?”

The South Wind murmured a little, as if he were thinking it over, and then said: “Go to Manabozho. He will tell you what to do.”

“Where shall we find Manabozho?” asked the roses.

“Jump on my back and I’ll take you to him,” said the South Wind.

So the rose bushes jumped on the back of the South Wind and off they went to find Manabozho.

Manabozho was a great magician. He could take any form he wished to take and could go anywhere he wished to go. South Wind was not sure where to find him. He hunted about all day and sighed a little because he was getting so tired, but at



last he heard some one talking loudly in a garden of tall bushes.

“I think that voice is the voice of Manabozho,” he said.

“If he is angry, hide us among the trees until he feels better,” said the roses.

So the South Wind dropped them among the trees and waited.

Soon they heard Manabozho say, “O my little rabbits! my little brothers! my bad little brothers! What shall I do to you? You have eaten up all my roses.”

When the roses heard this they peeked out between the trees and Manabozho saw them.

"Roses! Where did you come from?" he asked. "I thought the rabbits had eaten up all the roses."

"We are all that are left," they said. "And we shall soon be eaten unless you save us. South Wind brought us and he said you could help us."

"I can and I will," said Manabozho.

He went into the woods and came back with his hands full of sharp thorns. These he put on the stems of the roses, all the way up to the blossoms.

"There!" he said. "I should like to see a rabbit eat you now!"

From that time the wild roses have always had thorns on their stems, and the rabbits have never eaten them.

Mǎn a bō'zhō

ma gǐ'cian (ma jǐsh'an)

HOW MAPLE SUGAR CAME¹

Manabozho's grandmother lived in a wigwam in the big pine forest where the Little-People-of-the-Earth also live. She had hurt some of the Little-People-of-the-Earth. She did not mean to do so and she tried to tell them she was sorry. But they were very angry, and there was war in the forest between the Little People and Manabozho's grandmother.

Manabozho heard of it and came to see his grandmother.

"Grandmother," he said, "I will take you to another forest where the Little People will not trouble you. I will take you to live among the maples. It is brighter there, and the Little People will not follow you."

¹ Retold from "Algonquin Indian Tales," by Egerton R. Young. Copyright, 1903, by The Abingdon Press. Used by permission.

So he took his grandmother on his great strong shoulders and carried her to a beautiful forest of maples.

It was autumn, and the maples were all dressed in red and yellow. When the Little People came they thought the trees were on fire. They thought that the whole world was burning, and they turned and ran back to the pine forest and hid in their holes in the earth.

Manabozho built a new wigwam for his grandmother among the maples and told the maples to take good care of her. And they did.

Often he came to see his grandmother and always he found her safe and happy.

One day, when Manabozho was talking with his grandmother in her wigwam in the maple forest, some Indians came to him and said, "O Manabozho, we have been far to the South and there the people



have a wonderful thing they call sugar. They make it from canes that grow out of the ground, and they eat it. It is sweet—so sweet! We have no such canes in the North. How can we get sugar? Tell us how we can make it.”

Manabozho thought a long time. At last he said, “I know this sugar of the South.

It is sweet to eat. But the sugar canes will not grow here. I think the maples will help us."

Then he turned to the maples and said, "O maples, you have been kind to my grandmother. You have driven away the Little People who would do harm to her. You have made a roof for us to keep out the heat of the sun. Do one thing more. Give us sugar."

The maples rustled their leaves and said, "In the spring, when the last snow of winter is melting and when the grass in the hollows begins to grow green, you shall cut a hole in our bark and we will give you our sweet sap. From the sap you can make sugar."

When winter came Manabozho made a little spout of wood to drive into the trunks of the maples. He made a pail of birch bark to hold the sap. Then he gave

the spout and the birch-bark pail to the Indians and told them to make more just like them.

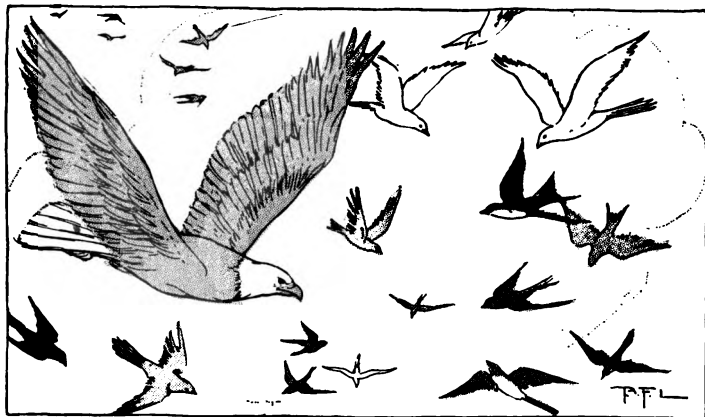
In the spring, when the last snow was melting and the grass was growing green in the hollows, he showed them how to make holes in the trunks of the maples and drive the little spouts into them and put the birch-bark pails on the ground under the spouts to catch the sap.

Then, when the pails were full of sap, he showed them how to boil it in pots over a fire, and to make sugar from it.

After that the Indians made maple sugar every spring, and even now, when the spring comes and the sap begins to run in the maples, they catch it in pails and boil it and say, "This is the way Manabozho taught us to make maple sugar."

au'tum(n)

rŭs(t)l(e)d



SONG OF THE BIRDS ¹

All around the birds in flocks are flying;
Dipping, rising, circling, see them coming.
See! Many birds are flocking here,
All about us now together coming.

Yonder see the birds in flocks come flying;
Dipping, rising, circling, see them gather.
Loud is the sound their winging makes.
Rushing come they on the trees alighting.

¹ A Pawnee Indian Song, from "Myths and Legends of the Great Plains," by Katherine Berry Judson. Used by permission of the author and A. C. McClurg & Co., the publishers.

From the flock an eagle now comes flying;
Dipping, rising, circling, comes she hither.
Loud screams the eagle, flying swift
As an eagle flies, her nestlings seeking.

It is Kawas coming, Kawas flying;
Dipping, rising, circling, she advances.
See! Nearer she comes, nearer comes.
Now, alighted, she her nest is making.

Yonder people like the birds are flocking;
See them circling, this side, that side
coming.

Loud is the sound their moving makes,
As together come they, onward come they.

Translated by ALICE C. FLETCHER

çir'cling

a li(gh)t'ing

Kä'was

HOW THE CRANE BECAME A FISHERMAN¹

The Indians say that ages ago, before there were any men on earth, the animals were larger and stronger and wiser than they are now. They could use their paws as men use their hands, and they could also do many things that men cannot do.

In those far-off days sticks and stones were also alive. If an animal tried to pick up a stick, and the stick did not wish to be picked up, it would beat the poor animal until he was glad to let it alone. Or if one tried to pick up a stone the stone would pound him and knock him about until he dropped it and ran away. So, although the animals had hands, they could not make bows or arrows or spears. The sticks did not

¹ From an old legend told by a Snoqualmie Indian and recorded by Arthur C. Ballard.

wish to be made into bows or arrows or spears. That was all there was about it.

The Moon was sorry for the animals and tried to help them. One night, as the Moon was going through the woods, he saw a crane pounding his head against a branch of a tree.

“What are you trying to do, Crane?” asked the Moon.

“I am trying to break off this branch to make a fishing spear. There are fish in the river and I want to spear one for my supper, but I have no spear.”

“Why don’t you break off the branch with a big stone?” asked Moon.

“I tried to do so,” said Crane, “but the stone would not let me. It pounded me on the back and shoulders and it hurt me.”

“Try again,” said Moon.

Crane tried again, but the stone pounded

him on the head and shoulders and legs, until he threw it down and ran away.

“Come back and I will show you something,” said Moon.

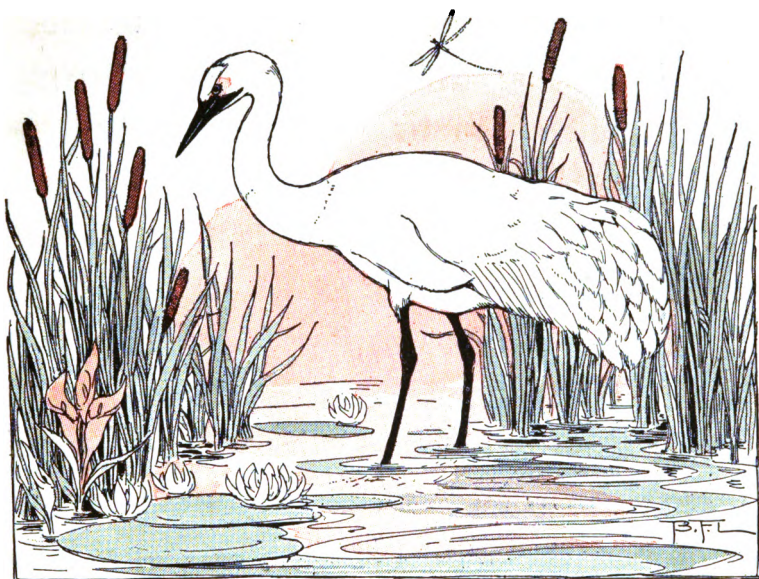
Crane came back, and Moon took the stone up in his hands and threw it down on the ground.

“Stone,” he said, “lie there. After this you shall not hurt any one. You shall not move until some one moves you. And it shall be the same with all other stones. A stone must learn to keep still.

“Now, Crane,” said Moon, “take up the stone and break off the branch with it.”

Crane took up the stone and broke off the branch with it, and the stone did nothing to him. It was just a stone.

Then Crane turned to Moon and said, “I think one of those long poles would make a better spear, but I am afraid to take hold of one, for it would beat me.”



Moon took one of the poles in his hands and threw it down on the ground.

“Pole,” he said, “lie there. You shall make no more trouble. After this you shall not move until some one moves you. And it shall be so with all poles and sticks and wood of all sorts. Wood must learn to keep still.”

Then Moon looked at Crane a long time.

“Come here,” he said. “You must catch fish in order to have something to eat. I will make you over so that it will be easier for you to catch fish.”

He took hold of Crane’s bill and pulled until it stretched out and was very long.

“There!” he said, “you can now use your bill to spear fish with. That will be better than a spear of wood.”

Then he took hold of Crane’s legs and stretched them until they were very long.

“There!” he said, “you can wade out into the water now and get close to the fish. Then it will be easier to spear them.”

So Crane waded out into the water and found he could spear fish very well with his bill. He found also that he could go far out into the water with his long legs and get close to the fish. That was easier.

And to this day, Crane has a long bill and long legs and is a good fisherman.

LITTLE DAWN BOY AND THE RAINBOW TRAIL¹

I. LITTLE DAWN BOY GOES TO THE HOUSE OF EVENING LIGHT

Long ago, when the world was very young, Little Dawn Boy lived in Red Rock House on the top of a mountain. His father and mother and brothers and sisters lived with him in Red Rock House, and also a Wise Man, who knew everything. But in those days there were no green, growing plants about the red rock, and no rain nor clouds.

Every morning Little Dawn Boy sat on the edge of the red rock and looked across the valley. On the other side of the valley was another mountain. It was blue, and on the top of it was a great

¹ Retold from Frances Jenkins Olcott's "The Red Indian Fairy Book," by permission of the author and Houghton Mifflin Company, publishers.

white rock that reached up into the sky and looked like a castle.

Every morning, when Little Dawn Boy looked across the valley at this blue mountain, he would say to the Wise Man,

“Who lives on the top of that great white rock?”

And the Wise Man would answer,

“Learn my magic songs, and when you have learned them, I will tell you.”

So Little Dawn Boy learned the magic songs, and one day the Wise Man said,

“Now that you have learned the magic songs, I will tell you who lives on the top of the great white rock. He is the Great-Chief-of-All-Magic, and he lives in the House of Evening Light.

“In the House of Evening Light are four rooms and four doors. At the first door are two bolts of lightning; at the second are two great bears; at the third are two



red-headed dragons; at the fourth are two angry rattlesnakes.

“If any one who does not know the magic songs goes to the House of Evening Light, the lightning strikes him and the animals eat him up. But you know the magic songs. So, if you wish, you can go to the House of Evening Light and ask for good gifts for your people.”

“But how shall I get to the top of the great white rock?” asked Little Dawn Boy.

“You shall walk through the valley and up the side of the blue mountain, scattering the Pollen of Dawn as you go. When you reach the top of the blue mountain, sing one of the magic songs. Then you will know how to get to the top of the great white rock.”

Little Dawn Boy put on his best clothes, painted his face, and put turkey feathers in his hair. Then he took his bow and

arrows and two bags which the Wise Man gave him.

In one bag were gifts for the Great-Chief-of-All-Magic, and in the other was the golden Pollen of the Dawn, which the Wise Man had gathered from the morning flowers.

Little Dawn Boy set out on his way and scattered the golden Pollen of the Dawn as he went. All that day he traveled, and the next, and the next. On the fourth day he reached the top of the blue mountain, and before him, reaching up into the clouds, stood the great white rock, and around it flashed the red lightning.

Little Dawn Boy was not afraid. He scattered more pollen and began to sing one of the magic songs:

“O, Pollen Boy am I!
From Red Rock House I come,
With Pollen of Dawn on my trail!

With beauty before me,
With beauty behind me,
With beauty below me,
With beauty above me,
With beauty all round me,
Over the rainbow trail I go.
Hither I wander, thither I wander,
Over the beautiful trail I go!"

When he stopped singing, a wonderful rainbow bridge,—blue and violet and red and orange and yellow and green,—all the colors of the rainbow, stretched from the mountain up to the top of the great white rock.

Little Dawn Boy ran up over the rainbow bridge, and as he ran a wind sprang up and blew the many-colored mist up and around the House of Evening Light and blinded the eyes of the watchers at the doors, so that they did not see him.

Little Dawn Boy went in through the door where the two bolts of lightning

stood, one on each side, and the many-colored mist was all around him. The bolts of lightning thought that he was only a part of the cloud.

II. LITTLE DAWN BOY GETS GIFTS FOR HIS PEOPLE

When Little Dawn Boy was in the house he began to sing his magic song again. The Great-Chief-of-All-Magic heard him and called out in a voice like thunder,

“Who comes here? Are you from the earth or from the sky?”

Little Dawn Boy answered and said,

“I am from the earth, and I bring you gifts.”

He opened his bag and took out many beautiful gifts, — strings of wampum and jewels and silver and pearls.

When the Great-Chief-of-All-Magic saw the gifts, he was pleased and said,

“You have brought me gifts. Now, what do you ask in return?”

Little Dawn Boy bowed very low and answered,

“I ask no gifts for myself, but for my people. Give me, I pray, white and yellow corn, green growing plants for food, sweet flowers, clouds to water the earth, breezes to blow away the heat. These things I ask.”

“It is well,” said the Great-Chief-of-All-Magic. “You shall have these things and more also.”

So the Great-Chief-of-All-Magic made a feast for Little Dawn Boy and gave him good things to eat and drink and filled his bag with gifts and sent him away.

As Little Dawn Boy went out of the House of Evening Light, he began to sing another of the magic songs, and this was the song that he sang:

“O, Little Dawn Boy am I!
From the House of Evening Light,
On the Trail of Evening Light,
To Red Rock House I return!
Held fast in my hands are gifts!
 With soft rains above me,
 With sweet flowers below me,
 With white corn behind me,
 With green plants before me,
 With pale mists all round me,
Over the rainbow trail I go!
Hither I wander, thither I wander,
Over the beautiful trail I go!”

As he sang, the rainbow bridge, all blue and violet and red and orange and yellow and green, came up out of the mist, and he went over it still singing.

When he reached the top of the blue mountain he went on, down into the valley. For three days and three nights he traveled, and on the fourth day, just as the sun came up, he reached the red rock on the top of his own mountain.



His father, his mother, his brothers, his sisters, and the Wise Man were all waiting for him. They spread a beautiful blanket over the red rock, and he sat upon it and told them all that had happened.

Then he opened his bag and gave them the gifts that he had brought from the House of Evening Light.

Ever since that day the people of the earth have had white and yellow corn and green growing plants and sweet flowers and clouds to water the earth and breezes to blow the heat away because Little Dawn Boy brought them in his bag from the House of Evening Light.

And ever since that day the Indians have sung the magic song:

With soft rains above us,
With sweet flowers below us,
With white corn behind us,
With green plants before us,
With pale mists all round us,
Over the rainbow trail we go!
Hither we wander, thither we wander,
Over the beautiful trail we go!

b(ea)ũ'tỹ thĩth'er wam'pum (wõm'pum)

THE ROSE AND THE APPLE

Dick had been helping Uncle George gather the apples from the big tree in the back yard.

“Eat as many as you want,” said Uncle George. “They are good for you.”

So Dick ate as many as he wanted, and he found that he wanted a good many. He threw the cores at one of the fence posts to see how straight he could throw.

“You will have a young apple orchard around that fence post before you know it,” said Uncle George.

“Will the seeds make apple trees?” asked Dick.

“That is what they are put into the core of the apple for,” said Uncle George,—“so that somebody will eat the apple and throw the core away, and give the seeds a chance to get into the earth and grow.”

That night, when Dick went to bed, he took a big yellow apple with him and put it on the table beside him. He thought he should like to have it there in the morning.

It was not long before he was asleep. But perhaps he had eaten too many apples, or perhaps he was too tired. Anyway, he began to dream, and he dreamed about apples and apple seeds.

First, the big yellow apple on the table seemed to roll over on its side, with the stem toward him. He looked at it to see what made it roll, and the stem suddenly grew thicker and was a funny little turned-up nose. Then, just above it, Dick saw two eyes like apple seeds, and one of them winked at him. And under the nose was a spot of red that turned into a mouth and grinned.

“So you were going to eat me in the morning, were you?” said the apple.

“I thought I would,” said Dick, “but I didn’t know you were a talking apple. If you don’t want to be eaten, of course I shouldn’t think of eating you.”

“Oh, I don’t mind it at all,” answered the apple. “That is what I grew for,—to be eaten. The only thing I really don’t want you to eat is my seeds.”

“That is just the part of you that I don’t want to eat. I don’t think they are very good,” said Dick.

“Then we are both satisfied,” said the apple, with another grin. “My seeds are my babies and I don’t want them to be eaten. I should like to have them find a soft, moist bed in the earth, where they can sleep until spring. Then they will know how to take care of themselves.”

“I don’t think you show very good taste in choosing a place for your babies to sleep,” said Dick. “I am sure I shouldn’t



want to have my bed in the moist earth, or in any other kind of earth."

"Well, you are not an apple seed. If you were, you would feel differently about it," answered the apple.

"I want to ask you a question," said Dick. "Why do you have a core inside of you? If there wasn't so much core in you there would be more apple. Then I could eat all of you."

"That is just why I have a core," said the apple,—"so that I may have a safe place to keep my babies. Didn't I tell you that they were not to be eaten?"

On the table, just back of the apple, was a branch of a wild rose bush that Dick had broken off the day before and had put into a jar of water. The little red berries on it were so pretty that he thought he would see how long he could keep them.

This branch suddenly began to rustle

and it made so much noise that Dick looked at it to see what was happening. He was surprised to see each little red berry growing larger and grinning at him as the apple had done.

“You didn’t know I was an apple, too, did you?” asked one of them, with cheeks like fire and a very flat blackish sort of nose.

“Hello!” said Dick. “Can you talk, too?”

“Yes, I can talk. Can you answer? I asked you a question.”

“Oh, yes,” said Dick, “about your being an apple. You are no more an apple than I am. You are a wild-rose seed.”

“Oh, I am, am I?” answered the little red berry. “That is all you know about it. I am a little apple, I tell you, but you will never eat me, because I am nearly all core and I don’t taste very good. Ask

your old apple friend over there if I don't belong to his family."

Dick looked at the apple.

"Yes," said the apple, "the rose is my little cousin. You might better say I belong to her family.

"The Rose family is a big family. Besides the roses and the apples, there are our cousins, the pears and the peaches, the plums and the cherries, the strawberries and raspberries and blackberries. We all belong to the Rose family. Look at our blossoms sometime next spring and see how much alike they are."

"My blossoms are prettier than yours," said the wild rose.

"Yes, you are mainly blossoms. All you think of is to be pretty. The rest of us think more of our fruit. We carry our blossoms for a few days; then the wind blows them away. But down in the heart

of each blossom is something that we keep and feed and take care of, until it grows to be an apple, or a pear, or a peach, or a plum. And inside of that apple or pear or peach or plum is one or more seed babies."

"Well, I should like to know if I haven't seeds as well as you," asked the rose.

"Yes," answered the apple, "you have a few, but your half-sisters, the garden roses, who are prettier than you, haven't any seeds at all. One can't afford to be too pretty."

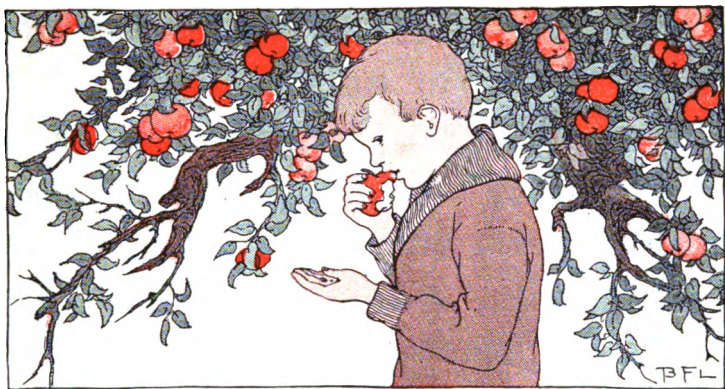
Dick was afraid there was going to be trouble between his friends the rose and the apple. So he tried to make them talk of something else.

"Did you say the strawberries and raspberries and blackberries belong to your family, too?" he asked of the apple.

"Yes, we all belong to the Rose family."

“But the berries don’t seem to take very good care of their seed babies. They carry them on the outside,” said Dick.

“The strawberry carries her seed on the outside,” answered the apple, “but the raspberry and blackberry are really groups of little round berries grown together, with a seed in the middle of each. The berries don’t need seeds to make new plants. They have other ways of making them. The strawberry and some of the raspberries send out little shoots that take root wherever they touch the earth. The blackberry and the red raspberry send out their shoots under the ground, and when these shoots get far enough away from the old plant, they pop up into the sunshine, and there is a new plant. These little new plants are babies, too, but they are stronger and grow faster than the seed babies. So, you see, the berries don’t



need to be so careful of their seeds, and they will let you eat them if you like, because they have other babies that they know you will not eat.”

“How do your babies get out of the seeds?” asked Dick.

“When you eat me tomorrow, take one of my seed babies and look at him carefully. Take off his little brown overcoat and inside you will find some smooth white meat. This isn’t the baby. It is his lunch that I have packed up and put into his overcoat pocket, for him to eat until he

is big enough to take his dinner from the earth and the sunshine.

“That white meat is a sandwich, and if you split it in two, you will find the baby down at the pointed end, right between the two halves of it.”

“But how does he get out?” asked Dick.

“Oh, yes,” said the apple, “I didn’t answer your question, did I? If you will plant the baby,—and the sandwich with him,—in earth or moss, and keep him moist and warm, you will see how he gets out. It will not do him any good to dig him up and look at him, but you may do it a few times just to find out how he does it. When he gets ready he will put one little white foot out into the ground. Then he will reach up one little white arm until at last it gets out of the earth or moss. Then it will begin to grow green, and little leaves will open from it. Those are

his hands. If he has good deep soil and water and sunshine he will grow into an apple tree."

The rose bush began to rustle again.

"It seems to me you are talking a great deal about your apple babies," she said. "Why don't you say something about the roses? We grow the same way."

"Oh, I am a rose myself, you know. I belong to the Rose family and I have a great love for the roses," said the apple.

Then he turned to Dick and winked with one of his apple-seed eyes.

"Before you eat me tomorrow, cut me straight through the middle, across the core, and you will see that I carry a rose in my heart."

"What do you mean?" asked Dick.

"Try it and see," said the apple with a grin. "Perhaps you will call it a five-pointed star, but really it is a rose."



THE LITTLE GRAY BIRD¹

There's a little gray bird in the apple tree,
And every day when I go to play
I stand for a minute to hear him sing,
And I peek for the nest where the
apples cling,
And look for his home that he's hid
from me,
Where the big red apples cling.

And early, early, when daylight comes,
I watch the sun-flecks, one by one.
I lie for a moment and think how sweet
It is to live in this little street,
With a pretty bird to feed with crumbs,
And a boy next door, and things to eat.

MARIE L. VAN VORST

¹ From *St. Nicholas*, by permission of The Century Company.

THE STORY OF GRILLO THE CRICKET¹

I. I SET OUT TO SEE THE WORLD

My name is Grillo. I am a cricket. I think I had a father and a mother, but I never saw them, for, like most insect people, they left us children to take care of ourselves.

The first thing I can remember, I seemed to be shut in a tight sort of box, with my legs all folded up. It was very close. I tried to turn over, and all at once the box split open. I put out my head and found myself in a queer little cellar, not much larger than myself. Above me was a very little hole, and through it I could see light.

I pushed and kicked, and at last I made the hole larger and crawled through it.

¹ Retold from "The Adventures of Grillo" by Ernest Candèze, published by Ginn and Company.

I stretched my legs and looked about me. I was in a grassy hollow and around me were many other little crickets like myself. They were my brothers and sisters. We had all just come out of our eggs and were finding out what the world was like.

I do not remember much about those early days, but one thing I do remember. One evening a beautiful bird was singing in a tree above us. He was singing a lovely song. I thought that anyone who could sing like that must have a very kind heart. But all at once the bird stopped his song and darted down among us. A great piece of earth fell upon me and covered me. I peeped out and saw the beautiful bird eating up my brothers and sisters as fast as he could eat. They ran—some one way and some another—and some of them found their way into

the little holes in the ground that we had made to live in. As for me, the piece of earth that fell upon me saved me.

After that our family was much smaller. I had only eight sisters and twenty-two brothers left.

My brothers did not treat me very well and I soon saw that I must find a new home. I did not like to leave the meadow where I was born. It was open to the sun, and it had in it many lovely stones under which one could hide and be safe and happy. But there were too many of us in the family. So I set out to see the world.

II. I VISIT MY COUSIN, THE MOLE CRICKET

It was the end of a hot summer day. The sky was dark, and the lightning played among the clouds. It looked as if we should have a storm. The path which I was following ran through the meadow-grass,

and there were others following it besides myself. There were beetles, and grasshoppers, and now and then a caterpillar. They were all hurrying to find a place where they would be safe from the storm.

The path came out at last on a road, and this road went through a gate into a garden. I followed it, though I did not know where I was going.

Just inside the gate an owl flew over me. I was afraid he was after me, so I leaped into a strawberry bed which lay on the right. Really the roads are not safe for crickets at this time of night.

Under a large strawberry leaf I stopped to rest, when suddenly I felt a heavy claw upon my shoulder. I tried to jump, but the claw held me fast. At the same time I heard a laugh and a voice which said,

“My fine cousin, did I give you a scare?”

I looked around, and behind me was a mole cricket, standing in the door of her house. The mole crickets are our cousins. They are brown instead of black, and they are called mole crickets because, like moles, they dig tunnels in the earth, only much smaller ones. This digging has made their front claws very large and strong.

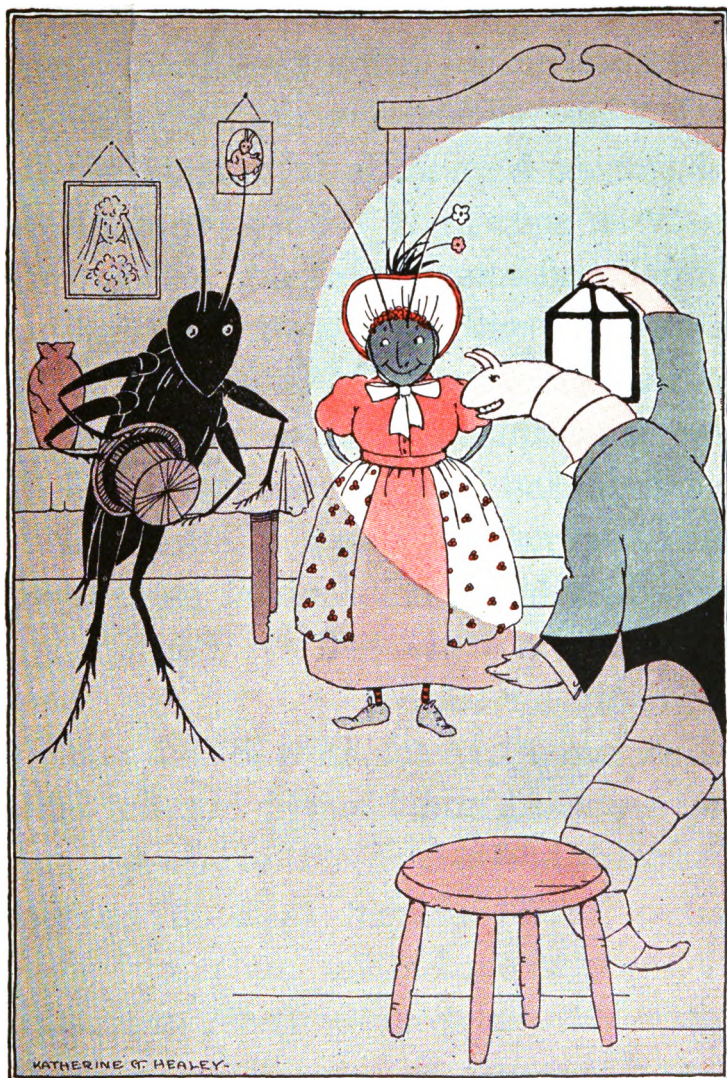
"I think I was a little frightened," I said, "but I thought I was alone and I was just going to sleep."

"This isn't a very safe place to sleep, is it? You had better come into my house. I have a bed for you," said the mole cricket.

I followed her into the tunnel. It was very dark. I had to feel my way along the wall.

"Come along, cousin," said the mole cricket. "Don't be afraid."

"But I can't see a step before me," said I.



“Here we are in my dining room. Wait a minute until I come back.”

She left me and I waited a long time. I began to be a little frightened. At last I saw a soft light coming through the tunnel, and soon my cousin came into the room again with a glow worm behind her.

“Cousin,” she said, “here is a friend who sometimes comes to see me of an evening. She has a long name, but I call her ‘Lampy’ for short. I asked her to come and bring her lantern so that you might see a little better. Perhaps you are ready for supper.”

I thanked my cousin and she went to the cupboard and brought out the larvæ of some beetles. Each of these larvæ had quite a different taste. They were all pretty good, but for my part I would rather have a spear of fresh grass than all the larvæ in the world.

When we had talked for some time I fell asleep. How long I slept I do not know, but when I waked, my cousin was setting the breakfast table. She told me it was morning and said I should go out and take a little hop before breakfast.

I went out through the tunnel. The sun was shining. The air was sweet and cool. The storm was over. I leaped upon a piece of earth and spread my wing-covers a little, to let the warm soft air reach my body. Then I cleaned my claws and my legs, for we crickets always like to be clean.

When I had done that I felt so happy that I thought I must have a little music. I am a fine musician and am a little proud of it.

So I rubbed my wings together, and the music that I made was so beautiful that I leaped about and kicked my legs for joy.

Then I ate a spear or two of grass and went back into the house. My cousin had some very fine white June-bug larvæ for breakfast. I ate a little, just to be polite, but my cousin kept eating until I was quite ashamed of her. She told me she ate fifteen or twenty times a day. I should be ashamed to eat as often as that.

After breakfast I thanked the mole cricket and said good-by. I turned to Lampy and asked if she would not go with me.

“Thank you,” she said, “but I never go out in the daytime.”

III. I HAVE AN EXCITING TIME

Leaving the house of my cousin, the mole cricket, I leaped nimbly across the road and through the grass until I came to a path which led down to the edge of a pond. The sky was growing dark again

and I knew that we should have another storm. So I crept under the edge of a bank of earth by the side of the path and waited.

Soon drops of rain began to fall. They came faster and faster. Before I knew it the water was pouring down the bank. The path was full. The water was running down to the pond in a wide stream. I crept closer to the bank, but soon the water began to pour over me from above. Then, all at once, the earth gave way and I rolled down to the bottom of the bank in a stream of water, mud, and stones. The next I knew I was being whirled about in the stream of water that was running down the path. I caught hold of the first thing that floated past me. It was a pine cone. I tried to climb upon it, but it kept rolling over and bobbing up and down. At last I climbed over the end of it and stood upon the top,

but it still rocked and bobbed terribly, and I was afraid every minute that it would roll over again. It was very exciting.

I was now being carried by the stream out into the pond. Near me were some big lily leaves. If I could only get near enough to one of them I could leap upon it and be safe. While I was thinking of this a great head lifted itself out of the water on my right; a wide mouth opened and shut with a snap. I thought my last hour had come,—for it was a terrible frog,—but the head went under the water again, making a wave that carried me over to the lily plant.

I lost no time in jumping to the big leaf, and looked back to see the pine cone float away out into the pond.

My new raft was better than the old one because it was larger and more steady. But how should I ever get to shore?



Night began to fall, and the bats flew here and there over the pond. One came very near me, but as luck would have it he did not see me.

Sometimes my raft would shake and I thought the frogs were bumping against the stem of the leaf. I did not get much sleep. Between the bats and the frogs I had a bad night. I think I must have slept a little, for toward morning I was waked by a sound of scratching. I ran to the edge of the leaf and there was a large black ant trying to climb out of the water. A terrible greenish animal about as large as myself with rings about his body had hold of the ant and was dragging him back into the water. This creature was like a worm or snake, with a large ugly head and strong jaws, and he wriggled frightfully. It was a water tiger.

I am no coward. I ran to help the ant

and pulled her out of the water. The water tiger came, too, and fell upon me. I did not wish to fight with him, but I could not run away, so I held him—or he held me—until the ant rushed in and grabbed him round the neck. This was too much for the water tiger. He turned and rushed for the water, and we let go, for we were afraid he would pull us in.

The ant then turned and looked at me for a long time without speaking. At last she said,

“Cricket, you helped me just in time.”

“You also helped me when the water tiger leaped upon me,” I answered. “So we will call it even.”

“Very well,” said the ant, “but it is about time we were getting to shore.”

“I don’t see how we can,” said I.

“Float on this leaf,” answered the ant.

"But the leaf is fast to the lily plant."

"Cut it loose. Your jaws are bigger and stronger than mine. Go to the place where the leaf is fastened to the stem. Cut through it. You can get a breakfast out of the leaf while you are doing it. When we are loose we shall float to the shore."

I did as the ant told me and bit through the leaf, all round the stem. When this was done we began to float slowly toward the shore.

Sticks and floating grasses stopped us for a time. Then we ran into some rushes, but at last we were so near the shore that I thought I could reach it by jumping.

"Take hold of my tail," I said to the ant, "and I will make my best jump."

She did as I told her, and I made a great leap. We were once more on dry land.

IV. I VISIT THE ANTS

We did not have to go far to find a dinner. I ate a few spears of grass, and the ant found a piece of beetle larva which she said was very fine.

Then she asked me if I should not like to visit the home of the ants. I really did not care to do so, for I have heard that ants get angry very easily and that they will fight anything that comes in their way. I am no coward, as I have said before. I can stand against a few ants, but I don't want to meet a thousand under ground in their own house.

Yet the ant was so polite about it and said so much that I really felt I must go with her.

We walked along side by side for some time and went into the edge of a forest. It was the first time I had ever been in a forest, for we crickets like the open

country. I was not exactly afraid, but I was not as gay as I sometimes am.

At last we came to a little path and met five or six ants coming toward us.

“Well, well! Here comes Meg,” they cried. So I learned that the name of my friend was Meg.

“We thought you were lost. Who is that with you?” they added, and then looked at me.

“This is a good cricket who saved my life,” said Meg. “He has no home, and I have asked him to visit us a few days.”

We soon came to an open space, and in the middle of it was a great ant hill. Meg showed me a door at one side, and we went in.

There were several ants inside the door. They were not going to let us pass, until Meg whispered to them. Then they fell back.

It was very dark. I told Meg I could not see.

"Don't worry," she said. "The lower floor of the house is well lighted."

We went down through a little tunnel and soon found ourselves in a good-sized hall. The floor of the hall was white and gave out a soft blue light. Meg told me that it was the root of an old dead tree and it always gave out that blue light in the dark.

The roof and walls of this hall were covered with ants. They seemed to be asleep. There were thousands of them. I told Meg I was surprised that they should let a stranger come into the middle of their house in this way.

"If you had been alone, you would never have got inside the door," she said. "The ants know how to take care of themselves."

“Now, you are tired and want to go to sleep. I will take you into the guest room.”

With that she led me through another tunnel and into a clean little room where she said I should be alone.

“You will see a bit of wood beside the door,” she said. “Before you go to sleep, push it across the door and shut out those who do not belong here.”

I wished her good night, lay down in a corner, and was soon asleep.

About midnight I was waked by a noise at the door.

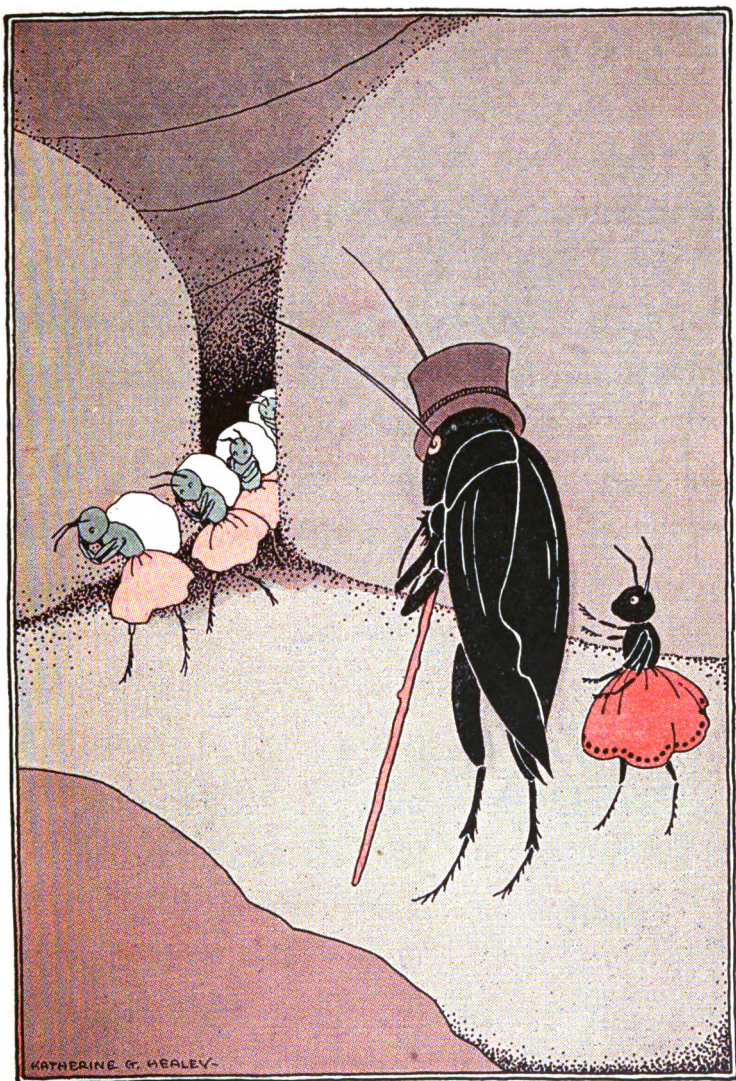
“Who is there?” I cried.

There was no answer. Soon I heard the sound again. It sounded like a knock.

“Who are you?” I asked again.

“Who are you?” answered a voice on the other side of the door.

“I am a friend—a cricket,” I said.
“Meg brought me here last night.”



KATHERINE G. HEALEY

There seemed to be some whispering outside the door. Then all was still. It was hard for me to go to sleep again, but I did so, and slept until I heard Meg's voice at the door, saying,

"Come, Grillo, it is time to get up."

I took down the door and let her in.

"Did you sleep well?" she asked.

"I did until some one knocked at the door and asked who I was," I said.

"Oh, that was only the watchman on his rounds," she answered. "They always do that. But I have brought you your breakfast."

With that she dragged into the room a small white piece of rock and told me to eat it. I tasted it and it was very sweet.

"What is it?" I asked.

"It is sugar," she said. "Good white sugar! We get it from a great house the other side of the garden, and we feed it

to our young larvæ. Sometimes we give a little to our guests."

"It is very good," I said.

"Yes, and it is very hard to get," said Meg. "Many of our people have lost their lives trying to get it. But I see you have eaten what I gave you. Now come with me and I will show you our nursery."

I followed her and we went down through several long tunnels where we saw a great many little white worms in holes in the wall. Beside each worm was an ant, feeding it.

"These are our larvæ—our babies," said Meg.

Some of the larvæ were larger than others. Meg pointed to one of them.

"That big baby next to you will spin his cocoon today and cover himself with it. When they do that we take the cocoons into another room. I will show them to you very soon."

A company of ants was marching up and down before the little larvæ, but they took no part in feeding them. They looked sharply at us as we passed.

"Those are soldiers," said Meg. "They take no part in feeding the babies, but they watch over them and keep them safe. If you should touch one of the ant babies, these soldiers would treat you rather roughly. I don't believe that even I could save you."

"Are the ants who are feeding the babies their mothers?" I asked.

"Not at all," said Meg. "They are the nurses. The mothers have nothing to do but lay eggs."

"And where are the fathers?" I asked.

"Oh, we turn them out," said Meg. "They will not work, and we can't have any one here who will not work. The fathers have wings, and the girls have

wings, too, before they are married. But when they are married we pull off ~~their~~ wings, or they pull them off themselves. A married ant has no use for wings. She is better off without them."

Soon another company of ants came in, grabbed the little larvæ and ran out with them.

"What are they going to do?" I asked.

"They are taking the babies out into the sun for a little while. The sun is good to make them grow," said Meg.

We went into another room. Here there were no more nurses, but only soldiers and some ants who seemed to be scrubbing the floor. Part of the floor was covered with little white silk bags.

"These are the cocoons," said Meg. "Each cocoon has a little larva in it, like those you saw in the other room. When they have been there long enough, the

workers open the bag and pull the baby out. Then it is no longer a baby; it has changed. It is an ant."

Just then a number of workers rushed into the room. Each one seized one of the bags and carried it out.

"They are taking the cocoons out into the sunshine, just as they took the larvæ out. It is good for the babies to have a little sunshine now and then," said Meg.

"But I must leave you now and go to work. Every one in an ant hill has to work. I can't talk to you any longer."

She said this very pleasantly, but I took it as a hint. Since I did not know how to take care of baby ants, I thought it was time for me to be going. So I thanked Meg and left her at the door.

lär'v(a)ē
stě(a)d'ŷ

ěx(c)it'ing
lär'va

pō(u)r'ing
co coon'



THE ANTS¹

The busiest people that I know
Are ants that travel to and fro;
They never seem to pause to play
Nor take a happy holiday.

CLINTON SCOLLARD

¹ From *St. Nicholas*, by permission of The Century Company.

THE ROBIN THAT WOULD NOT GO SOUTH

A PLAY

ACT I

PLACE. A meadow with several trees.

TIME. Autumn.

(Father Redbreast, Mother Redbreast, Rob Redbreast, and Sister Redbreast are hopping and running about on the ground. A number of other robins are in the trees, chattering and making a great noise.)

FATHER REDBREAST. Come, Rob and Sister, you must wash your faces and your claws, and brush your clothes. We are going South for the winter. We start today.

SISTER. I am ready. What fun it will be!

ROB. I don't want to go South. It will be too long a journey. My wings are not strong enough. It is very pleasant here. I think I will stay here all winter.

MOTHER REDBREAST. Aren't you ashamed of yourself to talk that way? You know very well that your father wouldn't ask you to go if he thought you couldn't.

ROB. I tell you my wings aren't strong enough.

FATHER REDBREAST. They are stronger than Sister's, and she is ready to go.

ROB. She never can make the journey. She is very foolish to try.

MOTHER REDBREAST. Your older brothers and sisters made the journey last autumn very easily, and at that time they were several weeks younger than you are now.

ROB. I like it here very well. I was talking to a sparrow only yesterday, and he said it was really quite comfortable here in winter. He always stays here.

SISTER. I thought you were old enough not to believe what a sparrow tells you. The sparrows don't feel the cold as we do.

ROB. Perhaps they know more about the winter here than you do. I have a number of friends among the sparrows and I like them very well. Perhaps they are a little greedy at times, and it is true they quarrel now and then, but on the whole they are pretty good fellows. They will be company for me when the rest of you have gone.

FATHER REDBREAST. You have never seen a winter. You don't know how cold it is. Everything is frozen solid, and snow covers the ground, so that you can get nothing to eat.

ROB. What is snow?

FATHER REDBREAST. That shows how little you know. Snow is something that is white and cold and wet and that covers the earth in winter and makes it hard for birds to get food. It is not pleasant to stand in the snow.

ROB. This sparrow told me that I could stay in the barn if it was too cold for me outside. I shall get along very well. I like this place.

MOTHER REDBREAST. Come, Robbie dear, be a good boy and go with us.

SISTER. We shall be lonely without you. And you will be very unhappy here with no one to talk to except those sparrows.

ROB. The sparrows are good talkers and I shall not be lonely. Don't worry about me. I tell you I am going to stay right here. You may go if you want to.

FATHER REDBREAST. We cannot carry you or drive you, but you are a very foolish robin, and you will be sorry when winter comes.

MOTHER REDBREAST. Good-by, if you will not go with us. But be sure to wash your face every morning and brush your bill before breakfast, and don't catch cold.

SISTER. And don't have too much to do with those sparrows.

ROB. Don't worry. I am quite able to take care of myself.

(All fly away except Rob.)

ACT II

PLACE. The same.

TIME. Spring.

(Rob Redbreast is sitting on a branch of one of the trees. He is huddled together; his head is drawn between his shoulders. His feathers are rough and dirty. He is very thin and sad.)

ROB. It is about time the folks were coming back from the South. I hope they have had a better time than I have had. I did not think I should miss them so much. Hello! Here they come now!

(Father and Mother Redbreast and Sister fly in.)

MOTHER REDBREAST. Well, my poor dear! Here you are — and how you look! Why, you



are nothing but skin and bones! I should think you had had nothing to eat since we went away.

ROB. I haven't had any too much. I got along very well till the snow came. Then I couldn't find any worms or bugs or anything. I should have starved to death if a kind little girl hadn't fed me. She threw crumbs and bits of meat out for me. But sometimes she forgot, and then I was very hungry.

SISTER. What did those sparrows do to help you?

ROB. They drove me out of the barn. They said there was no room for me there. If there had been only one or two sparrows I should not have gone. But there were too many for me.

MOTHER REDBREAST. Where did you go then?

ROB. I found an old shed with some straw in one corner of it, and I spent most of the winter there. On warm days I used to scratch about for bugs, but the ground was frozen most of the time and the bugs and worms had gone down where I couldn't get them.

SISTER. And who was the little girl that fed you? Was she the same one that picked me up and put me into the nest when I fell out last year?

ROB. Yes, she is a good, kind little girl, and she saved my life. She saw me

go into the shed, and she came out with crumbs and little bits of meat and scattered them about. I was afraid of her at first, but I was so hungry that I couldn't wait till she went away. So I grabbed a little and flew out into a tree with it. She stood very still, and after a while I came back for some more. When I found that she didn't want to hurt me, I came quite close. Sometimes in the morning I tried to sing for her, but it was so cold that the song froze in my throat, and I could only chirp a little.

MOTHER REDBREAST. What a time you must have had! But I am glad it is all over.

FATHER REDBREAST. Next year you will do as we ask you, will you not?

ROB. Yes, sparrows don't know everything, after all.

com'fort a bl(e)

hūd'dl(e)d

THE FOUR BIG BROOMS¹

“Oh, mother, why does the big wind blow
And rattle the window-pane?
If I close my eyes to sleep just so,
It wakes me up again;
If I hide my head beneath the spread,
You speak so soft and low
That I cannot hear what you have said,
Oh, why does the big wind blow?”

“Let us play, my dear, a merry play.
The winds are four big brooms
That sweep the world on a windy day
As Mary sweeps our rooms.
The south wind is the parlor brush
That sweeps in a quiet way,
But the north wind comes with roar
and rush
On the world-wide sweeping-day.

¹ From *The Youth's Companion*, by permission.

“Like Mary sweeping the halls and stairs
Is the work of the good west broom,
And the sweetest odors, the softest airs,
Float over the world’s wide room.
But tonight the broom from the east is
here,
And with it comes the rain,
Like John when he brushes the porch,
my dear,
And hoses the window-pane.”

The little boy laughed and cuddled close
In his warm and downy bed.
“I hear the broom and I hear the hose,
And I like them both,” he said.
And so, though the rain may pelt away,
And the big wind loudly roar,
He remembers the wide world’s sweeping-
day,
And thinks of the big brooms four.

MARY B. STREET

FAIRY SONG

Dance, little friend, little friend breeze,
Low among the hedgerows, high among
the trees ;

Fairy partners wait for you, oh, do not
miss your chance,

Dance, little friend, dance !

Sing, little friend, little friend stream,
Softly through the mossy nooks where
fairies lie and dream ;

Sweetly by the rushes where fairies sway
and swing,

Sing, little friend, sing !

Shine, little friend, little friend moon,
The fairies will have gathered in the forest
very soon ;

Send your gleaming silver darts where
thick the branches twine,

Shine, little friend, shine !

YESTERDAY IN OXFORD STREET¹

Yesterday in Oxford Street, oh, what
d' you think, my dears?
I had the most exciting time I've had for
years and years;
The buildings looked so straight and tall,
the sky was blue between,
And, riding on a motor-bus, I saw the
fairy queen!

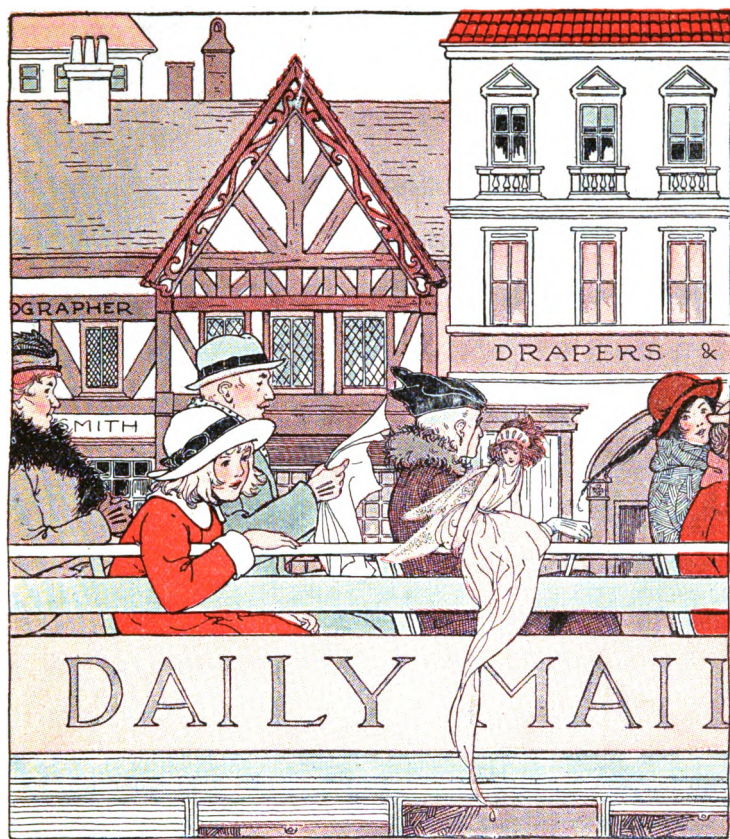
Sitting there upon the rail and bobbing
up and down,
The sun was shining on her wings and
on her golden crown;
And looking at the shops she was, the
pretty silks and lace—
She seemed to think that Oxford Street
was quite a lovely place.

¹ This and the preceding poem are from "Fairies and Chimneys," by Rose Fyleman. Copyright, 1920. George H. Doran Company, publishers.

And once she turned and looked at me
and waved her little hand;
But I could only stare and stare—oh,
would she understand?
I simply couldn't speak at all, I simply
couldn't stir,
And all the rest of Oxford Street was just
a shining blur.

Then suddenly she shook her wings—a
bird had fluttered by—
And down into the street she looked and
up into the sky;
And perching on the railing on a tiny
fairy toe,
She flashed away so quickly that I hardly
saw her go.

I never saw her any more, although I
looked all day;
Perhaps she only came to peep, and never
meant to stay:



But oh, my dears, just think of it, just
think what luck for me,
That she should come to Oxford Street,
and I be there to see!

ROSE FYLEMAN

THE GREEDY WOODCUTTER AND THE FAIRY RING

Long ago, in a deep forest, there stood a little hill, where on summer nights the fairies used to dance in the moonlight. They danced in a ring around this little hill, and where they danced the flowers sprang up.

An old woodcutter, walking one day through the forest, saw the flowers and said to himself, "That is a fairy ring. Under that little hill the fairies keep their treasures. Surely they have gold there, and diamonds, and pearls. I wish I had some."

He thought about it a long time and at last made up his mind to go to one of the fairy dances and see what he could find.

So, that night he crept softly through the forest to the fairy ring, stretched

himself out on the ground, and waited. Soon he heard music, — soft, beautiful music. It seemed to come from the ground or from the trees, — he could not tell which, — and it made him want to laugh and cry, both at the same time.

Suddenly there was a crash, and a door opened in the side of the hill. At the same time everything seemed to blaze with colored lights. Each spear of grass was hung with them, and every tree and bush was covered with stars of red and blue and gold.

Then out of the door in the hill came a company of little goblins not longer than the woodcutter's finger. After them came a band of fairy musicians no bigger than the goblins; and then a company of little soldiers with flags flying.

The goblins ran behind the woodcutter and seemed to lose themselves in the forest.

The soldiers stood in two lines, one on each side of the door, while a large company of little elves came out, bringing golden dishes heaped high with good things to eat. A number of elfin boys, all dressed in red, brought little tables and set them around the hill. The other elves put the food upon these tables and made ready the fairy feast.

Then came hundreds of lovely fairies in dresses of rainbow colors.

The music grew soft and low, a sweet perfume filled the air, and the fairies began to sing. The song was as clear and sweet as the sound of silver bells.

In the midst of the fairies, carried high above the rest, in golden chairs, were the fairy king and queen, blazing with jewels.

"Now is my time!" said the woodcutter. "If I can throw my hat over the king and queen and catch them, I shall have



enough gold and jewels to make me rich for the rest of my life."

He began to creep very slowly toward the king and queen, but he did not see that the goblins had spun fine threads and thrown them about his body. The little fellows were behind him, holding the ends of these threads in their hands, and the threads were as fine as the threads of a spider's web, but so strong that it was hard to break them.

The woodcutter crept closer and closer to the fairy king and queen. He took his hat in his hand and raised it, ready to throw it over them. But suddenly a whistle was heard and his hand was stopped just as he raised it. He could not move. Then there was a crash, and all was dark.

Buzz, buzz, buzz! There seemed to be thousands of bees buzzing about his ears

and brushing against his face. At the same time he felt as if pins were sticking into his body. Then he found himself upon his back on the ground.

It began to grow a little lighter. He could now see a goblin standing on his nose and grinning at him. The little fellow danced and jumped and laughed so hard that he had to hold his sides.

Then he caught hold of a lock of the woodcutter's hair and swung himself down by it, until he could sit on the edge of the woodcutter's ear. When he had done this he put his head into the ear and shouted, in a voice about as loud as that of a mouse,

“He who would steal
Our wrath shall feel.”

While he said this, hundreds of goblins ran up and down over the woodcutter, sticking their little spears into his body,

and their spears looked very much like pins.

Then the first goblin jumped up on the woodcutter's nose again and shouted to the other goblins, in his little mouse-like voice,

“Away! away!
I smell the day.”

At this all the goblins and elves and fairies rushed into the hill, and the door shut after them.

After a while the sun rose in the east, and the woodcutter found that he was tied to the ground by thousands of the goblins' magic threads.

It was a long time before he could shake himself free and get upon his feet. He was sore and lame and very much ashamed of himself, and never again did he try to steal the fairies' gold.

trě(a)s'ures

thrě(a)ds



BLUEBELLS¹

Where the bluebells and the wind are,
Fairies in a ring I spied,
And I heard a little linnet
Singing near beside.

Where the primrose and the dew are,
Soon were sped the fairies all.
Only now the green turf freshens,
And the linnets call.

¹ From "Poems of Walter de la Mare," by permission of the American publishers, Henry Holt and Company.

BUTTERFLY'S DIAMOND

Once there was a little fairy who did not like to work. She was called Butterfly because she had such lovely wings. They were of a soft green with silver spots.

Butterfly slept in the roses and spent most of her time flying about over the garden. The other fairies washed their faces every morning in dewdrops and wiped them on rose petals. But Butterfly was too lazy to do this. She said that fairies ought not to have to wash.

When the queen of the fairies saw how lazy Butterfly was growing she felt that she must put her to work. So she said,

“Butterfly, I want you to go to the Green Cavern and make a diamond. Make it brighter and clearer than any diamond that was ever made, and stay there until it is done.”

Butterfly was afraid to say anything to the Fairy Queen, but as soon as she was alone she had a good cry.

“I shall have to watch that diamond for months and years,” she said, “and every day I shall have to turn it so that it will be even. Oh, how hard it will be!”

She cried for several minutes. Then she jumped up and said, “I’ll not do it! I’ll run away to the sky fairies. They will take care of me and will not make me work. As for that diamond, I can’t make a diamond. That is all there is about it.”

She looked into a pool of water to see how pretty she was, and was surprised to find that the beautiful green of her wings had faded, and the silver spots were dim. For if fairies have bad thoughts, the colors in their wings always grow dim.

“I suppose our old queen thinks if she takes away my beauty, I will be willing

to hide in the Green Cavern and make diamonds all my life. But she is an ugly old thing, and I don't care!"

As she said this the silver spots faded out of her wings, and they became brown.

"Never mind," said Butterfly, "the sky fairies will make me beautiful again."

With that she called,

"Humming bird! Humming bird!

Fly to me! Fly!

Carry me off

To the far, blue sky."

Suddenly a little humming bird, shining like a jewel, lighted at her feet. Butterfly sprang upon his back and away they flew to the golden clouds of the West, where the queen of the sky fairies lived.

But when the queen and all the other sky fairies saw Butterfly's dirty brown wings, they held their hands before their faces and flew away.

Butterfly was tired and very sad; so she threw herself down upon a cloud, and before she knew it she was asleep. In her sleep she thought she saw a little bird, smaller than a humming bird, building a nest beside her. The bird was so small that it could carry only a wee bit at a time, but at last the nest was done and it was beautiful.

“Oh!” said Butterfly to herself, “what a wonderful thing for a little bird to make!”

Then she heard a clear voice singing,

“Little by little
The bird builds her nest.”

She started up, and the queen of the sky fairies stood before her, in a robe of blue with rainbow colors all around the edge.

“Butterfly,” she said, “we can have no idlers here. Do what your queen has told

you to do. Go to the Green Cavern. Make your diamond. Then we shall be glad to see you whenever you visit us."

Butterfly tried to tell the queen how hard it was to make a diamond, but the queen flew away, singing as she flew,

"Little by little
The bird builds her nest."

Butterfly was very sad, but she was not yet willing to work. She called the humming bird again:

"Humming bird! Humming bird!
Fly to me! Fly!
Carry me back
Through the clear, blue sky."

At once the humming bird was beside her, and she sprang upon his back. He flew down with her and left her in the garden where she liked to be.

In the garden was a hive of bees. She had often seen them before, but she never



thought much about them. Now she sat down on the edge of a sunflower and watched them.

As fairies can see everything, Butterfly looked right through the side of the hive and saw the bees at work. Some were making cells of wax, others were bringing pollen from the flowers and making it into a kind of sweet bread for the baby bees; still others were bringing honey and filling the cells with it.

"I wish I liked to work as well as the bees do," said Butterfly; "but I don't. I could never make a diamond."

All at once she heard music. It seemed to come from the ground, and she knew it was her sisters singing in the Fairy Mound where her queen lived. They sang,

"Little by little
The bee builds her cell."

“They are singing that for me,” said Butterfly, “but I’ll not let them preach to me. I’ll go to the queen of the sea fairies. She will find a place for me in her sea palace, and I can sleep in a shell and have pearls to play with. She will not make me work, I know.”

Butterfly flew down to the sea and called,

“Nautilus! Nautilus!

Hasten to me!

Carry me down

Through the cool, green sea.”

At once the nautilus came sailing toward her in his little boat of shell. Butterfly stepped into it, and down she went—down, down, down, through the clear, green water, until she came to the place where the queen of the sea fairies had her palace. It was all made of beautiful pink coral. The walls were

of coral; the floor was of coral; the roof was of coral; the doorposts were of coral. Room after room stretched out as far as she could see.

She looked in. There was the queen, and hundreds of sea fairies around her. But as soon as they saw Butterfly with her dirty brown wings, they put their hands before their faces, as the sky fairies had done, and disappeared.

Butterfly sat down on a coral chair and cried. "Why do they all leave me?" she said.

After a while she began to look about her. "What a wonderful palace!" she said. "How big it is! A giant must have built it."

As she spoke, she saw thousands of little insects working on a wall of the palace.

"What are these insects doing?" she asked.

All at once she heard fairy music again
and voices singing,

“Little by little
The coral is laid,
Thousands of insects
This palace have made.”

The music grew clearer and clearer, and Butterfly saw a hundred sea fairies in little boats of shell floating toward her. In the largest shell stood the queen, in a robe of green seaweed with tiny pearls all over it. The sea fairies were coming back.

Butterfly tried to smile at them, but they did not smile at her. They looked very sad.

“Butterfly,” said the queen, “we have no idlers here. We know all about you. Go to the Green Cavern and make that diamond. Then you may come and visit us.”

“But it takes so long to make a diamond,” said Butterfly.

“Look at this palace,” said the queen. “It is all of coral. Do you know who made the coral? These little coral insects did it all. You are bigger than they, and you know a great deal more.”

With that she sailed away, and the other sea fairies after her, and Butterfly was alone again.

“Well!” she said to herself. “Everybody and everything seem to be busy, — in the sky, and in the earth, and in the sea. And they seem to be happy. I haven’t been happy for a long time. Perhaps if I go to work I shall be happy, too. I will go and make the diamond. I will make it as well as I can, and it shall be as clear and as bright as a sunbeam in a dewdrop.”

So Butterfly went to the Green Cavern. Day after day she worked, — as busy as the nest-building birds, as busy as the bees, as busy as the coral insects. And as she

worked she became very happy. Her wings grew green again, and the silver spots were brighter than they had ever been before. Never had she been so beautiful.

Seven years passed by. The diamond was done. Butterfly brought it to the Fairy Mound and knelt at the feet of the queen as she gave it to her. The diamond shone like a star and lighted up the whole Mound. The queen had it hung from the roof, and it is there to this day. The fairies still call it Butterfly's diamond.

Retold from a story by LYDIA M. CHILD

pět'als
hon'(e)ř

căv'ern
nau'ti lus

i'dlers
cőr'al



I ALMOST GOT TO FAIRYLAND ONE DAY¹

I almost got to Fairyland one day—
I walked out straight along the sun-path,
so, —

And there were little hummings in the
world,

And moving things went through the
grass, and all

The air was just as glad as if there were
A party, somewhere, at a fairy's house.

I knew they had a party, and I knew
That they had kept a seat for me, if I
Could only find the right turn in the road.

I was so near to Fairyland, so near
That I could almost hear the fairy gates
Swing open for me, waiting—just for me.
I was so near to Fairyland—and then,
Just then, I heard my mother calling me;

¹ From "A Little Freckled Person," by permission of and by special arrangement with Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers.



“Come in to supper, dear,” I heard her
call;

And so I never got to Fairyland.

I know that there are fairies, though,
because

I almost got to Fairyland one day.

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

THE THIRSTY STONES

In a country far across the sea is a ring of great stones, standing in the middle of a wide plain. Each of these stones stands on end and is several times as tall as a man. They are called the Standing Stones and have stood there for thousands of years.

Not far from the Standing Stones lived a little herd-boy, and every day he used to go to the plain with a sheep and three goats. The sheep and the goats nibbled the grass while the boy watched them and lay in the shadow of the stones. The herd-boy had no father or mother, and few friends, so he began to feel that the stones were his friends, and as he lay on the grass beside them he used to sing to them and make chains of flowers and grasses to hang around them.

There also lived near this plain an old magician who understood the talk of the birds. One morning he heard two ravens chattering together on the roof of his little house.

One of the ravens was saying to the other, "Tonight will be Midsummer Eve, and the Standing Stones will go down to the bank of the river to drink. For they have had nothing but the rain to drink for a hundred years."

"Yes," said the other raven; "once in every hundred years, on Midsummer Eve, at midnight, they may go to the river and drink until a star falls from the sky."

"It would be a good thing for the little herd-boy if he knew about it," said the first raven.

"What good would it do him?" asked the second.

“Don’t you know that under every stone is a heap of gold and jewels? When the stones are down by the river drinking, the little herd-boy could help himself. He would be as rich as a king.”

“Let us go and tell him,” said the other raven, and with that they flapped their wings and flew away.

The magician thought about this a long time.

“I don’t believe the herd-boy can understand the ravens,” he said to himself, “but he might. If he did, he might get all the treasure. I think I will go and tell him about it myself and get him to help me gather the gold and jewels. Then I can give him as much as I wish to. That will not be very much. And I can keep the rest myself.”

He went quickly across the plain to the Standing Stones and there he found the

herd-boy, hanging a chain of flowers around one of them. He told the boy what the ravens had said, and asked his help that night when the stones had gone to drink.

The herd-boy said he would think it over. It didn't seem just right to take all this treasure while the stones were away.

"You had better do as I ask you," said the magician, "or it may be the worse for you. I shall be here at midnight, and I want to find you waiting for me."

When he had gone, the herd-boy sat down at the foot of one of the stones and thought.

"No," he said, "it wouldn't be right. It would be stealing from the stones. I will not do it."

As he spoke these words half to himself, he heard a sound of pleasant laughter

from all the stones, and a queer little man stood on the grass before him.

“Quite right, my son!” said the little man; “quite right! But the stones love you, as you love them, and they will be glad to give you some of their treasure. Only do as I tell you.

“Go down into one of the green hollows near the river and get a long piece of honeysuckle. That is the fairies’ ladder. When you have it, lay it beside this stone where you are sitting. When night comes, you will see the honeysuckle blossoms shining in the starlight. Touch none of the treasure but that which is covered by this stone. The honeysuckle will tell you which it is.”

The boy did as he was told, and put the long piece of honeysuckle beside the stone. When it was dark, he went home with his sheep and his three goats. A little before



midnight he came back and lay down beside the stone where he had put the honeysuckle.

The magician was there before him.

“Go to the next stone,” said the magician. “I will stay here and take the treasure that is under this one.”

“No,” said the boy, “this is the only stone from which I shall take any treasure, and I take this because it has been given to me.”

The magician grumbled, but he wanted the boy’s help, so he left him and went to the next stone.

He had hardly reached it when there was a great noise like thunder. The earth was torn up, and the Standing Stones rushed headlong to the river.

“Quick! quick!” cried the magician, as he leaped to his feet.

The little herd-boy leaped up, too, and looked. Where the stones had stood was a ring of pits in the ground, and each of them was full of gold and pearls and diamonds and rubies that flashed and gleamed in the starlight.

The boy turned to the pit where he had put the honeysuckle, and took out of it enough gold and jewels to fill both pockets of his coat.

The magician had brought three sacks with him. He filled one sack and then a second and put them on the ground beside the pit where he was working. Then he leaped into the pit to fill the third sack,

when a bright star fell from the sky. Suddenly there was another sound like thunder, and the stones came rushing back from the river.

At the same time the bottom of the pit seemed to drop down, and the treasure fell far down into the earth.

The herd-boy fell with the pit that he was in. He thought he was lost, but as he looked up he saw the queer little man looking over the edge of the pit and smiling at him.

“Catch this,” he said, “and hold fast.”

As he spoke he threw down one end of the honeysuckle. The boy grabbed it with both hands and held fast, while the little man gave it a jerk, and in less time than it takes to tell it, the boy was safe on the grass beside the pit.

The stones were rattling and knocking against one another as they tried to find

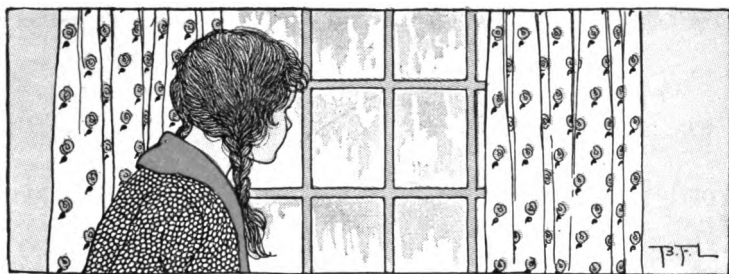
where they belonged. Then each sank down into its place, and the treasure was seen no more for another hundred years. A deep stillness fell upon the plain.

“You have done as I told you,” said the little man, “and the stones are pleased with you. You may take also the two sacks which the magician filled and left there. They did not belong to him, and he will never want them again. Take them. They are yours.”

With that he disappeared, and the little herd-boy was left alone, while another pleasant sound of laughter went around the ring of stones.

The little herd-boy became a rich man, but he never forgot the Standing Stones, and often he went to see them and patted their rough sides and hung chains of flowers about them.

laughter (läf'ter)



THE FROST FAIRIES¹

On frosty eves, when crickets cheep,
Their watch the winter fairies keep,
And by the light
Of moonbeams white
Weave silver laces while I sleep.

Yes, when the daylight comes again,
I find they've worked with might and
main;
For frills and stars
And crinkly bars
Make curtains on my windowpane.

MELVILLE CHATER

¹ From *St. Nicholas*, by permission of The Century Company.

THE BOY AND THE ROBBERS

Many years ago a boy lived on a small farm in the country with his mother. His father was dead, and his mother was very poor. It was hard to get enough food from the farm to keep them.

One day the mother said to the boy: "I think you must go into the city and try to find work. We can't live this way much longer. When you have found a place where you can earn something, save your money, and you will soon have enough to send for me. Then we can live together in the city and do better than we can here."

The boy had never seen a large city, and he was glad to go. His mother mended his clothes and sewed into the lining of his coat thirty silver pieces, which was all the money she had.



“I have sewed this money into your coat so that you will not lose it and so that robbers will not steal it,” she said.

“Now we must say good-by. There are two things I want you always to remember: trust God and never tell a lie.”

With that she kissed him, and he set out upon his journey.

He walked all that day and slept at night in a field by the side of the road. The next day he kept on. In the afternoon of the second day he saw a cloud of dust in the road ahead of him, and a few minutes later a company of horsemen rode up to him. They were robbers.

One of them said to him, "Have you any money?"

The boy remembered what his mother had said, "Trust God and never tell a lie," so he answered,

"Yes; I have thirty silver pieces sewed into the lining of my coat."

The robber laughed and said to himself: "This boy is trying to fool me. If he had thirty silver pieces in his coat, he would never tell me they were there." So he rode on.

Another robber rode up to him.

"Have you any money?" he asked.

“Yes,” said the boy; “there are thirty silver pieces in the lining of my coat.”

“Don’t try to be smart,” said the robber; and he rode away, saying to himself: “If the boy had said he had nothing, I should have searched him, but I know he hasn’t any money. If he had, he would not have told me.”

Then the chief of the robbers rode up and asked the boy the same question, “Have you any money?” and the boy answered as before, “Yes; I have thirty silver pieces sewed into my coat.”

The chief of the robbers looked at him sharply; then leaped down from his horse and felt in the lining of the boy’s coat. He felt a hard lump and cut it out. It was a silver piece. He felt another and another, and cut them out. They were silver. He cut them all out and counted them. There were thirty pieces.

"Why did you tell me you had this money sewed into your coat?" he asked.

"Because," answered the boy, "when I left home my mother told me to trust God and never to tell a lie."

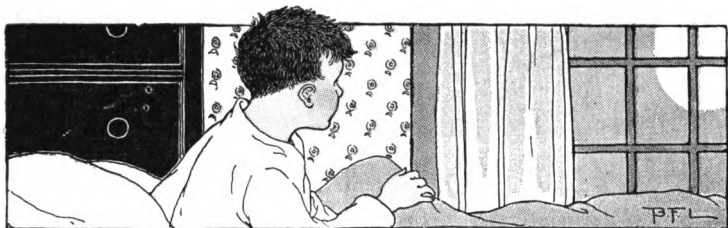
The chief thought a long time.

"My boy, you are right, and I am wrong," he said. "Keep your thirty pieces of silver and go to the city. I will send one of my men with you to see that no harm comes to you.

"I will write a letter to a good man in the city and will tell him what you have done. You may take the letter to him. I know he will find work for you. I am a robber, but I am not so bad as I seem, and I have friends who are good and true. This good man of whom I speak will make a place for a boy who trusts God and who will not tell a lie."

e(a)rn

se(a)rch



FULL MOON¹

One night as Dick lay half asleep,
Into his drowsy eyes
A great still light began to creep
From out the silent skies.
It was the lovely moon's, for when
He raised his dreamy head,
Her surge of silver filled the pane
And streamed across his bed.
So, for a while, each gazed at each—
Dick and the solemn moon—
Till, climbing slowly on her way,
She vanished, and was gone.

WALTER DE LA MARE

¹ From "Peacock Pie," by permission of Henry Holt and Company.

GEORGE AND POLLY'S GOBLIN

There was no one in the house but George and Polly. Father and mother had gone to see Uncle John. A man had come for them in an automobile that afternoon and had said that Uncle John was very ill and needed them. So they went away in a great hurry.

Just as they were leaving, mother said: "I don't know when we shall come back. We may have to stay all night. If you don't want to be alone in the house, ask Mrs. Smith or one of the Walker boys to come over."

"No," said George, "I'm not afraid to be alone. It will be fun."

"No," said Polly, "I'm not afraid."

So they were left alone. They had cooked their supper and had set the table, just the way mother always did it, and



had eaten the meal in great state, and had cleared it away and washed the dishes. Now they were in the sitting room, and it was getting dark and very quiet.

All at once they heard a sound that seemed to come from the cellar. It was a queer sound, like a tapping, but it sounded very far away.

“What do you suppose it is?” asked Polly.

“I don’t know. I guess it’s nothing,” said George; but he thought of a story they had been reading about some goblins that lived in a cellar, and he felt chills creeping up his back, though it was a warm night in summer.

“Tap, tap, tap!” There it was again.

Polly was frightened. She looked at George and saw that George was frightened, too.

“Is it goblins?” she whispered.

"No," said George; "there are no such things as goblins — except in books. Don't be silly." He swallowed a lump in his throat as he said it.

"Tap, tap, tap!" Still it kept on.

"It is the goblins. I am sure of it," said Polly, and she began to cry.

"Goblins nothing!" said George. "We will go down and see what it is;" and he went to the cellar door and opened it.

"Tap, tap, tap!" The sound was a little clearer now.

"Oh! I am afraid. Don't go downstairs. Let's go over and get Mrs. Smith," cried Polly.

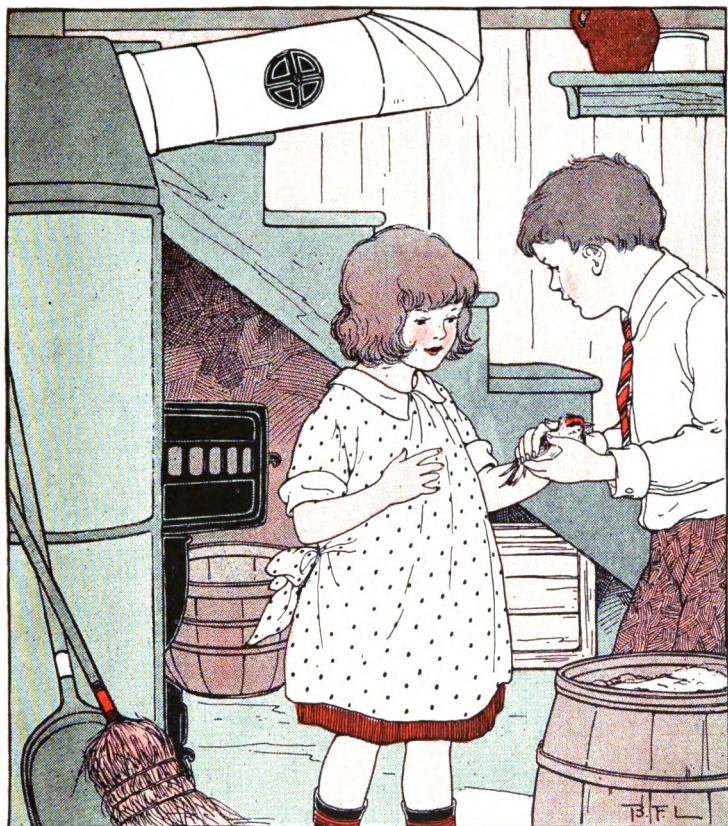
"It sounds as if it came from the furnace," said George.

He turned on the light and went carefully down the cellar stairs, his heart thumping almost as loud as the tapping. Polly held her hands over her ears.

“Tap, tap, tap!” Louder and louder.

George went to the furnace and opened the door. Whisk! Something flew out into his face. He felt so weak that he almost sat down on the floor, but he turned around and what do you think he saw?—a little woodpecker all huddled together in the corner, and as black as soot could make him.

The furnace had not been used all summer, and the woodpecker had come down the chimney, thinking perhaps that it was some sort of hollow tree and would make a good home for him. He had also gone through the smoke pipe into the furnace, for it seemed to him very much like a hollow branch, but when he had got into the furnace he could not get out and could not find his way back through the pipe. So he kept tap, tap, tapping on the inside of the furnace, to



see if he could make a hole in it—but he couldn't even make a dent.

He was covered with soot and worn out with hunger and fright. Perhaps he had been there several days.

George caught the poor little bird and held him in his hand. "Come, Polly, and see the goblin," he said.

Polly came down the stairs.

"Oh! let's wash him and give him some supper," she said.

"I guess he can wash himself better than we can wash him," said George, "but we might give him some supper."

They tried to feed him, but he was too frightened to eat; so they opened the door and away he flew up into the big elm tree by the door.

No doubt he found a supper of bugs waiting for him there, and a place to sleep. He didn't go into the chimney again. He had learned the difference between a chimney and a hollow tree, and had found that a chimney is not nearly so good a place to live in.

au to mō'bil(e)

dīf'fer ence



THE LITTLE PLANT IN THE WINDOW SPEAKS¹

If you had let me stay all winter long
outside,
Long, long ago, I should have died.
And so I'll live for you and keep
A little summer while the others sleep—
A little summer on your window-sill—
I'll be your growing garden spot until
The rough winds go away,
And great big gardens call you out to
play.

ANNETTE WYNNE

¹ Reprinted, by permission, from "For Days and Days," by Annette Wynne. Copyright, 1919, by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

THE PARROT THAT TALKED TOO MUCH

Once there was a parrot named Polly, and, as most parrots do, she liked to talk. When she heard anyone else talking she would listen; then she would sit still for a long time, trying to get the words into her mind, and at last, when no one was thinking of her, she would break out suddenly and repeat what she had heard. Sometimes, when she said something that seemed to please her, she would repeat it over and over.

One day Jip, the dog, was lying asleep on the rug. The door of Polly's cage was open, and she came out into the room. Polly looked at Jip and then suddenly shouted, "Rats! Jip!"

Jip was always ready to chase the rats. He jumped up and began to bark. He ran to all the corners, put his nose into

them, barked and whined, and made a great fuss. But he could find no rats. After a while he grew tired of hunting for them, and with a last little bark he went back to the rug, lay down on it, and was soon asleep again.

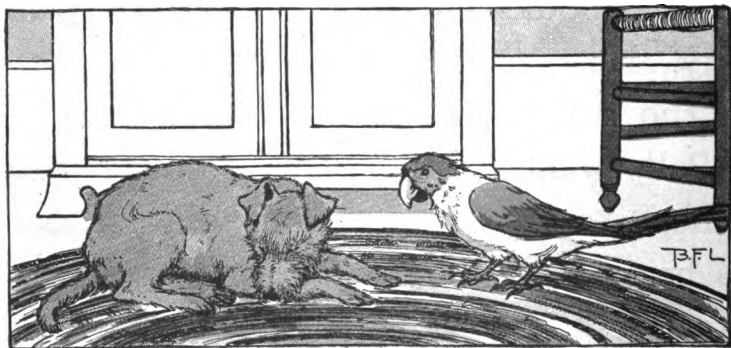
Polly watched him awhile, and when she saw he was sound asleep she cried out again, "Rats! Jip!"

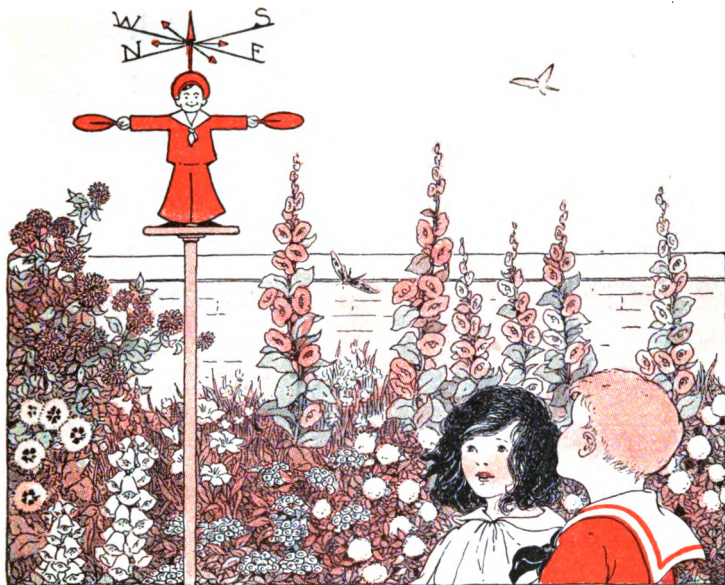
Jip jumped up again and began to bark, as before. He ran to the corners. He ran to the door. He scratched under the sill. He put his paws up on the window and looked out, but there were no rats to be seen. He did not like to be fooled that way. He growled a little and went back to the rug. Soon he was asleep again.

Polly waited and then called out a third time, "Rats! Jip!" But Jip did not seem to hear. Polly hopped down on the back of a chair and called again, but Jip did

not stir. At last Polly flew down to the floor, hopped along to the rug, and shouted right into Jip's ear, "Rats! Jip! Rats! Jip!"

Jip made a dash for Polly, and I am sorry to say there was a fight. When it was over, Polly had only one feather left in her tail. She went back into the cage and sat on her perch a long time, trying to smooth her dress. She looked many times at that one feather in her tail and stroked it with her beak and with her claw. Then she said, "Polly talked too much! Polly talked too much!"





HAPPY JACK¹

Happy Jack's a restless soul.
In the garden on a pole
All the summer time he stands
With his paddles in his hands.
When the wind comes on to blow,
How he makes his paddles go!

¹ This and the poem on page 149 by Ralph Bergengren are reprinted from "Jane, Joseph, and John, their Book of Verses," by permission of the author and the Atlantic Monthly Press.

Happy Jack is made of wood.
He's a sailor, kind and good;
And he doesn't mind the rain,
For the sun will shine again.
I am sure he's good, you see,
By the way he smiles at me.

Hardly ever standing still,
Always looking here and there,
Paddling, paddling with a will;
Never getting anywhere,
Somewhere he must want to go,
But just where he doesn't know.

I'm glad he doesn't. I must say
If ever he should go away
Our garden won't be half so gay.

RALPH BERGENGREN



GRANDFATHER'S PRIZE FIG¹

Once upon a time, when grandfather was a little boy and lived in the country, there was going to be a fair.

A fair in those days was almost as much fun for boys and girls as a circus is now. It was held in the Fair Grounds, a big, round, green place not very far from John's house.

There were always white tents where the largest potatoes and pumpkins and squashes and cabbages were shown. There were frosted cakes and thick pies and crisp loaves of bread and red and green patchwork quilts and bunches of asters and roses and other flowers. Almost everything that you could think of was to be seen at the fair.

For days the farmers drove their buggies

¹ Retold from "Stories for Any Day," by Carolyn Sherwin Bailey, published and copyrighted by the Pilgrim Press. Used by permission.

past John's house, and the hired men took the best sheep and cattle to the Fair Grounds. There was a brass band playing there every afternoon and evening. There was a penny peep show for the children and there was always a gingerbread and lemonade stand.

The judges looked over all the things that the farmers had brought, and gave prizes for the best. The fair was a wonderful place to visit, and the people came to it from far and near.

Grandfather — or John, as he was called when he was a little boy — had a pet pig. This pig was named Henry, after the boy who had given it to him. Henry seemed just like any other pig when he was little, but John took very good care of him. He washed him to keep him pink, and fed him apples and mush and ground-nuts until Henry grew very fine and fat.

“That is a very fine pig of yours, John,” said his father one day, as he looked into Henry’s pen. “He is fat enough to take a prize at the fair. Why don’t you take him over?”

“Well, I think I will,” said John, and that is how it happened that Henry started to go to the fair.

The fair was always held in the late summer, when it was still warm. So, one morning John’s mother washed and ironed his brown linen suit and put a new red band on his last year’s straw hat, and John tied a blue ribbon around Henry’s neck. Then the two, John and Henry, started out.

Henry had never been away from the farm before, and at first he seemed to like it. He grunted as he trotted along in front of John, and John thought they would get to the Fair Grounds long before noon.

But after they had gone a little way, Henry sat down in the road and decided not to get up. He was warm, and he just decided not to go any farther.

John tried to lift Henry up and carry him, but he was too heavy. Then he cut a switch and switched Henry a little. Henry got up and went a little farther. Then he sat down again. John switched and pushed and pushed and switched, but Henry would not go.

Suddenly John saw a cloud of dust in the road. It came nearer, and he could now see that it was made by a buggy from town. It stopped beside him, and in it was his aunt Jane with her carpet bag. She had come to visit great-grandmother.

"You need not drive me any farther," said Aunt Jane to the driver. "Here is John. He can carry my bag, and I will walk the rest of the way."



T

John looked at the heavy bag and then at Henry sitting there in the road. He was a polite boy, but he didn't know what to do.

"I was taking my pig to the fair, Aunt Jane," he said.

"Well, your pig doesn't seem to be going very fast," said Aunt Jane. "You had better drive him home again."

John tried to keep back his tears. He took Aunt Jane's bag in one hand, and with the other he tried to make Henry stand up and go home. But Henry had made up his mind that he was not going home. He would not move a step.

So John took Aunt Jane and her bag and left Henry there in the road until he could drive down for him with the wagon.

There were a great many things to do when he reached home. He had to hunt for eggs and pick currants and help churn

the butter. It was not until afternoon that he could go for Henry, and when he came to the place where he had left him, Henry was gone.

John felt very badly. He was too much ashamed to tell anyone what had happened. He always fed Henry himself, so no one missed the pig, but John went out and sat by the pen and cried a little.

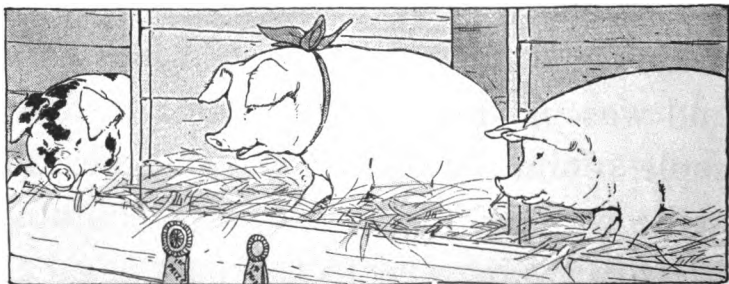
The next day they all drove over to the fair. John didn't want to go. He asked if he might stay at home, but great-grandmother said he must be ill, and if he was ill he must take some medicine. He decided he would rather go than take the medicine, so he went.

There had never been such a fair. The band was playing. There were crowds of people. John could smell the gingerbread, but he was not happy. He kept thinking of Henry. Where could the poor pig be?

Suddenly he saw something strange. Among the prize winners was a large pig with a blue ribbon around his neck, and to the blue ribbon was tied a prize medal. The pig was Henry.

Henry had done what pigs generally do. When John tried to drive him home, he went just the other way. So he reached the fair after all.

The best part of it was that the judges gave him two prizes — one prize for being the fattest and best-looking pig at the fair, and another for coming alone to enter for the prize. He was the only pig who had ever done such a thing.



KITE WEATHER

To the South the geese are going,
Across the world a breeze is blowing—
Blowing leaves from every tree,
Blowing ships upon the sea,
Blowing hats off people's heads,
Blowing chimney smoke to threads,
Blowing till the curtain flutters,
Slamming doors, and shaking shutters.
Then's the time to fly your kite,
But you have to hold it tight.

Blow, breeze, blow!

And lift your kite along.

Blow, breeze, blow!

The string is stout and strong.
Just a little harder blow,
Up and up we, too, would go.
People would look up and stare,
Seeing children in the air.

To the South the geese are going,
Across the world a breeze is blowing —
Blowing something, it is clear,
Into me that's wild and queer.
I could dance, and kick, and caper
Like my kite that's only paper.
I enjoy to feel the string
Pull and tug like anything.
A living kite it seems to be,
And tries to fly away with me.

Blow, breeze, blow!

And lift our kite along.

Blow, breeze, blow!

The string is stout and strong.
Just a little harder blow,
And the people down below
Would look up at us and say,
"There's a kite that's run away!"

RALPH BERGENGREN

WHY THE TIGER AND THE STAG DO NOT LIKE EACH OTHER¹

Many years ago, in a great forest, lived a stag, with large, sharp, branching horns. One day he said to himself: "I am tired of wandering about and sleeping wherever I can find a place. I think I shall build me a house."

He looked through the forest to find just the right place, and at last he found it. It was neither too high nor too low, too warm nor too cool, too much in the shade nor too open to the sun. It was just right.

So he began to clear a place for his house, and he worked all day. At night he went back among the bushes and found a place to sleep.

In that same forest lived a tiger, and

¹ Retold from "Folk Tales from Brazil," by Elsie Spicer Eells, by permission of the author and Dodd, Mead & Company, the publishers.

the tiger also wanted to build a house. One night he looked through the forest to find just the right place, and at last he found it. It was neither too high nor too low, too warm nor too cool, too much in the shade nor too open to the sun. It was just right.

Then, too, there was another good thing about it. The ground seemed to have been partly cleared.

“That will save me some work,” he said.

So he finished clearing the ground for his house, and at daybreak he went back among the trees and found a place to sleep—for the tiger likes to sleep in the daytime and to be out at night.

A little after daybreak the stag came back to finish clearing the ground for his house. But he found the place all cleared.

“Well, well, well!” he said, “somebody has been helping me. That is fine!”

So he began to lay the foundation of his house. He worked hard all day, and when night came he had the foundation all laid. Then he went away and found a quiet place among the bushes and went to sleep.

Pretty soon the tiger came back to work on his house.

“Well, well!” he said. “Somebody has been helping me and has laid all the foundations. That will save me some work.”

He began to put up the walls of the house, and he worked all night as hard as he could work. At daybreak he had the walls all up, with a big door in the front and two queer little windows at the back. Then he went off among the trees and went to sleep.

Soon the stag came back to work on his house. When he saw the walls all up,

with the big door in the front and the two queer little windows in the back, he rubbed his eyes, for he thought he must be dreaming. But no; there they were. There could be no mistake about it.

“Well, well!” he said. “Somebody has been helping me and has put up the walls of my house. That will save me some work.”

So he began to put on the roof. He said: “I can use dried grass for my roof, and I can finish it today and sleep in my house tonight. That will be fine.”

So he gathered dried grass and worked all day, making a roof. At night it was finished. He went in and made a bed of leaves in the corner, and soon was sound asleep.

Pretty soon the tiger came back, and when he looked at the house, he rubbed his eyes, too, for he thought he must be dreaming.

“There was no roof on my house when I went away last night,” he said. “But now there is a good roof of dried grass. Somebody has been helping me. Well, well! Now my house is finished, and I can begin to live in it.”

So he went in, and there in the corner, on a bed of leaves, lay the big stag, sound asleep.

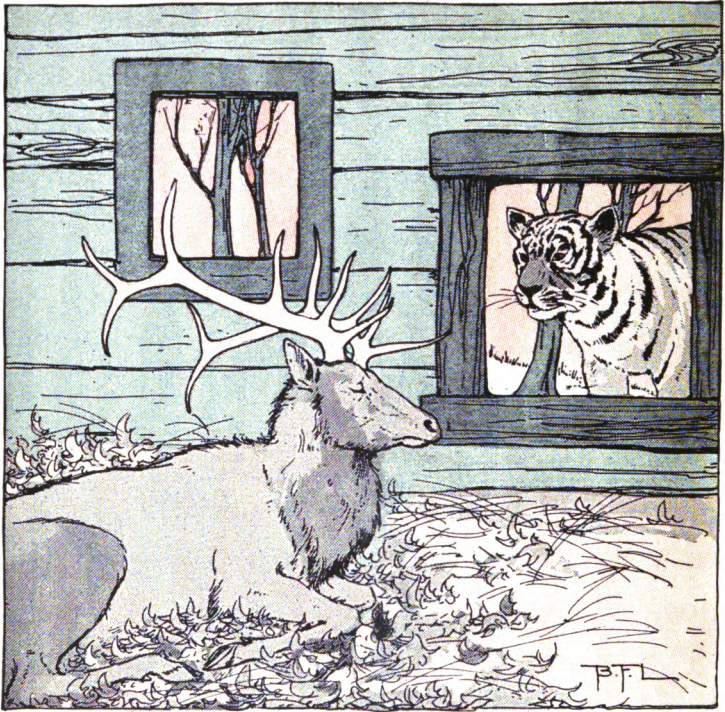
“Gr-r-r-r!” roared the tiger. “Who are you, and what are you doing in my house?”

The stag leaped up and put down his great, branching horns at the tiger.

“It is not your house. It is my house. I built it myself. Get out!” he said.

“Gr-r-r-r!” roared the tiger. “I built this house. It is mine, and I am not going to have any lazy stag sleeping in it.”

“You didn’t clear the ground for the house, nor lay the foundations, nor put on



the roof,” said the stag. “I did that myself. If it was you that put up the walls, I thank you very much. It was very kind in you to help me.”

“Gr-r-r-r!” roared the tiger again. “Kind? Nothing of the sort! It is my house, and you are going to get out of it.”

They quarreled all night about that house, and at daybreak they decided that they would live in it together. The stag could sleep in it at night and the tiger could sleep in it in the daytime.

But the stag was afraid to go to sleep at night for fear the tiger would come while he was asleep and leap upon him. And the tiger was afraid to go to sleep in the daytime for fear the stag would come and stick those sharp, branching horns into him.

So neither of them had much sleep.

The second night the tiger was prowling around the house and looking into one of the funny little windows to see what the stag was doing.

The stag was trying to sleep, but he was restless and tossed about on his bed of leaves. As he tossed about, his horns struck the wall right under the little

window where the tiger was looking in. It made a great noise. The tiger thought the stag was jumping out at him. So he roared terribly and then turned around and ran away into the forest as hard as he could run.

The stag heard the roaring of the tiger and thought surely the tiger was going to leap into the window upon him. So he dashed out of the door and ran the other way as fast as he could go. They both ran different ways, and they ran, and they ran, and they ran, and some people say that they are running yet.

But the house in the forest waited for them, and waited. And at last the mice came and lived in it, and they said, "This is a good house. The stag and the tiger were very kind to make it for us."

nē(i)'ther

foun dā'tion (shun)

A RIDDLE

I had four brothers over the sea;
Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominie!
And they did send four gifts to me;
Petrum, Partrum, Paradise, Temporie,
Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominie!

The first was a bird without a bone;
Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominie!
The second was a cherry without a stone;
Petrum, Partrum, Paradise, Temporie,
Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominie!

The third was a blanket without a thread;
Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominie!
The fourth was a book that couldn't be
read;
Petrum, Partrum, Paradise, Temporie,
Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominie!

How could there be a bird without a bone?

Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominie!

How could there be a cherry without a
stone?

Petrum, Partrum, Paradise, Temporie,
Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominie!

How could there be a blanket without a
thread?

Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominie!

How could there be a book that couldn't
be read?

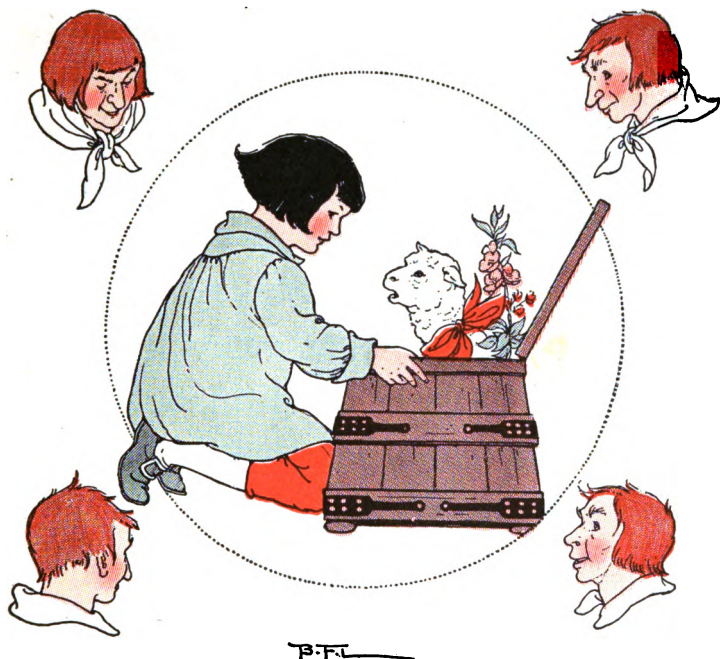
Petrum, Partrum, Paradise, Temporie,
Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominie!

When the bird is in the egg, there is no
bone;

Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominie!

When the cherry is in the bud, there is
no stone;

Petrum, Partrum, Paradise, Temporie,
Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominie!



When the wool is on the sheep, there is
no thread;

Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominie!

When the book is in the press, it cannot
be read;

Petrum, Partrum, Paradise, Temporie,
Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominie!

Old English Riddle

THE WONDERFUL COW

I. THE BLACKSMITH WINS THE WONDERFUL COW

A great many years ago there lived in Ireland a blacksmith, and he was the best blacksmith in all that country. He was so happy and so gay that everyone called him the Jolly Blacksmith. He made swords, and there were no other swords so strong and so sharp as his.

One day a young knight came to the blacksmith and said,

“Smith, I am wanting the best sword that can be made. Will you make it for me?”

“That I will,” said the smith.

“I am wanting it to fight for a princess, and for a cow, as well,” said the young knight.

“And how may that be?” asked the smith.

“The king of Spain has a beautiful daughter and a very wonderful cow, and he will give them both to the man who can do the best work with a sword,” said the young knight.

“I will make the sword you want,” said the blacksmith; “but what is so wonderful about the cow?”

“It is a cow that gives wonderful milk. She gives more milk than a thousand cows, and her milk is nearly all butter. The man who wins her will be a rich man. But the cow is hard to manage. When she goes to the pasture she runs like the wind, and it takes a good man to follow her.”

The blacksmith thought a minute.

“Could a man get the cow without the princess?” he asked.

“As to that, I don’t know,” said the young knight. “It was the princess that I was thinking most about.”

“And could a man get the cow in any way besides fighting? I can make swords, but I don’t like to use them,” said the smith.

“As to that,” said the young knight, “the king of Spain has other ways to try the men who come to him. I shouldn’t be surprised if there were many other ways.”

That night, and the next night, and the next, the blacksmith dreamed about that cow, and at last he made up his mind to go after her himself. He didn’t care to fight with a sword, but there might be other ways, as the young knight had said.

So he got him a ship, and he sailed and sailed until he came to a country where the grass was very green, and before him was a high hill, and on the top of it a great castle with its roof reaching up into the sky.

He began to climb the hill, and when

he was halfway up he came to a little hut with an old man standing in the door.

“Good day to you,” said the smith.

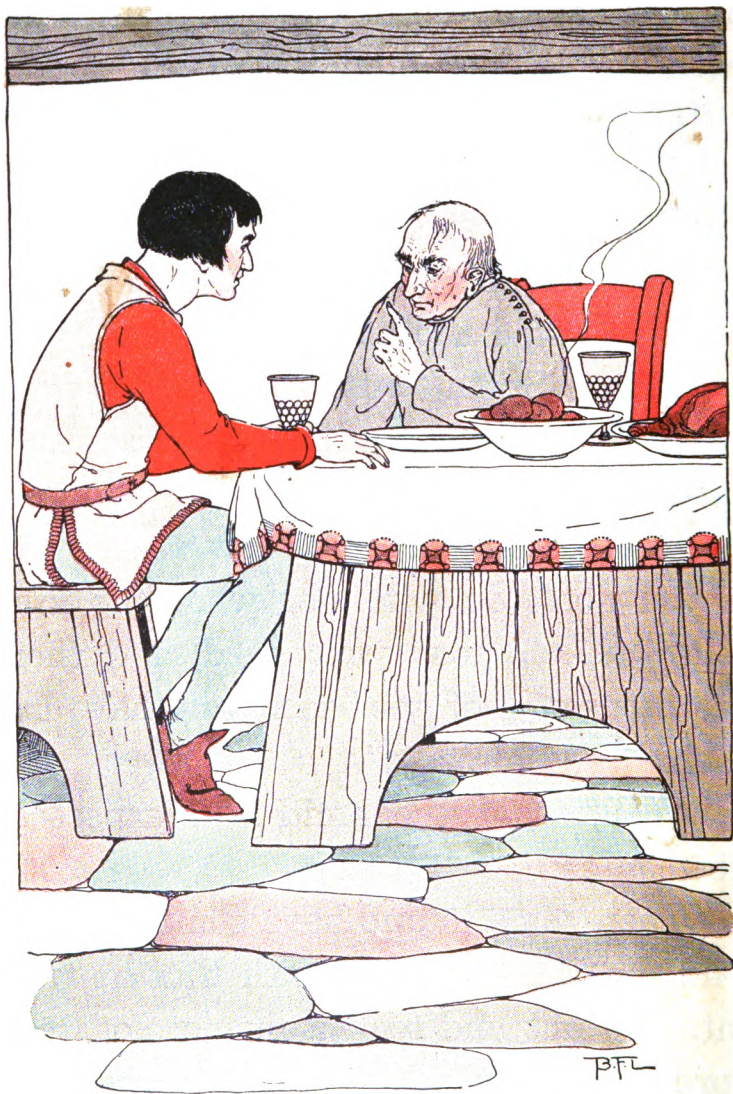
“The same to you,” said the old man; “and where may you be going?”

“I am looking for the king of Spain and his cow,” said the smith.

“This is Spain,” answered the old man, “and that castle up there is the king’s castle, but as for the cow, I’m thinking you had better leave the cow alone. For if you don’t do with her what the king tells you, off goes your head, and there are thousands of good men who have lost their heads already.”

“Well,” said the smith, “I expect to keep mine.”

“Then come in and have some supper,” said the old man; and with that he went into the hut and took a magic cloth and spread it on a table, and at once there



was on the table the best supper that the Jolly Blacksmith had ever seen, and it was all ready to be eaten.

While they were eating, the old man told the smith more about the cow. "There are two ways to win the cow," he said; "one is to fight with the strong men that the king will send out against you, and the other is to drive the cow to pasture and drive her home again every day for seven years. Some have tried one way, and others have tried the other, but none has ever won. The king's men are strong, and the cow is a hard beast to manage. But if you want to try to manage her, I will tell you how to do it. You must always go behind her and never in front, and you must not take hold of her. For if you do, she will leap up into the air and fly away like a bird, and then you will never catch her."

“Very well,” said the blacksmith; “that is just what I will do.”

So he went up to the castle and knocked on the door, and there came out of it a man with a red face and a big voice, who said,

“Who are you, and what do you want here?”

“I am called the Jolly Blacksmith, and I have come to get the cow.”

“Do you want to lose your head?” asked the man with the big voice.

“That will be as it may,” said the smith; “but I am after the cow.”

Then the king came out and heard what they were saying.

“Is it with a sword or with taking her to pasture that you hope to win her?” asked the king.

“It is with taking her to pasture,” said the smith.

“Then you must take her to pasture every morning and bring her back every night for seven years,” said the king. “And if she gets away from you, off goes your head. Do you understand?”

“That will be as it may,” said the smith.

Next morning the cow was let out, and the Jolly Blacksmith went with her to the pasture. She went so fast that he could hardly keep up with her, and before she stopped she had gone sixty miles; but the smith was a good runner and did not let her get away. He did not take hold of her, and he did not get in front of her when she stopped to eat the grass, and at night he came back to the castle, running behind her, safe and sound.

“Well done!” said the king. “Many a man has not been able to do what you have done today.”

The next day it was the same — and the next and the next. So it went on for seven years, and at the end of the seven years the blacksmith said to the king,

“Now I have tended the cow for seven years. Have I done it well or ill?”

“You have done it well,” said the king, “and now the cow is yours. Take her away, but don’t let her come back, or you will not get her again. And what about my daughter, the princess?”

“Why, as to that,” said the smith, “I am only a blacksmith and not fit company for a princess, so I will take the cow, if it please you.”

“Very well. Do as you wish,” said the king.

So the blacksmith drove the cow on board the ship, and it was no easy thing to do. Then they set sail, and at last the cow and the blacksmith reached home.

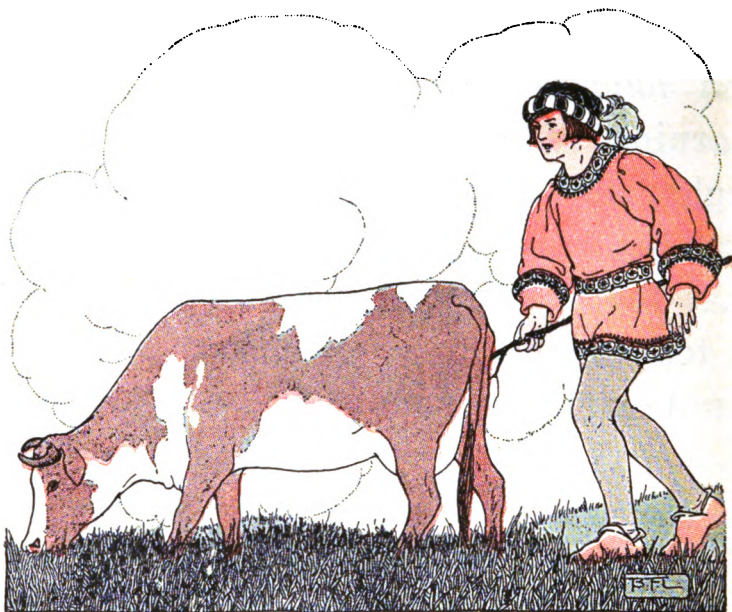
The smith took good care of the cow and followed her to the pasture every morning and came back with her every night; and the cow gave so much milk, and the milk had so much butter in it, that the smith became a rich man. But it took all his time to manage the cow, for no common man could do it.

II. THE BLACKSMITH LOSES THE COW AND THE PRINCE WINS HER

Now it happened that in that same country of Ireland where the Jolly Blacksmith lived there was a prince who thought of nothing but war and fighting.

One day he came to the blacksmith and said, "Smith, I want the best sword that can be made."

"Oh," said the smith, "as to that, I have no time to be making swords any more. I have a cow, and must take care of her."



“I will take care of the cow while you make the sword,” said the prince.

“Oh, but you can’t take care of her! You will let her get away,” said the smith.

“I am the mightiest prince in this country, and I will let no cow get away from me,” said the other.

“Very well,” said the smith. “See that you don’t.”

With that the Jolly Blacksmith began to make the sword, and the prince followed the cow to the pasture. He kept behind her all day and started home behind her at night; but when they were nearly home, the cow went into a river to drink. The prince thought she was going too far into the water, so he caught her by the tail to pull her back.

When she felt him pulling on her tail, what did she do but fly up into the air like a bird, and well it was for the prince that he let go just when he did, or he would have gone up with her. She turned her head to the south and in a minute was on her way back to Spain.

The prince was very sorry and a little ashamed of himself. He took the sword which the blacksmith had made for him and set off at once for Spain, to bring back the cow.

He found the old man in the hut on the hillside, and the old man spread the magic cloth and gave him a good supper.

He knocked at the castle gate, and the man with the red face and the loud voice came out and asked him who he was.

He saw the king and told him he was after the cow and the princess too. He would rather fight with a sword than take the cow to pasture, because he had taken her to pasture once, and he didn't have very good luck with her.

"Very well," said the king; and he sent out four knights to fight with the prince, and the prince beat them all.

Then the king sent out his army, and the prince beat all the king's army and sent them running away.

The king was not yet ready to give up the cow or the princess. He made the prince do other hard things, but the prince

did them all, and at last the king gave him both the cow and the princess. The prince and the princess were married and lived very happily, and it was so pleasant there in Spain that the prince forgot to take the cow back to Ireland.

But one day it came to him that he must go. So he took the cow on a ship and went back to Ireland. When he got there he started to drive the cow to the home of the blacksmith. He was very careful this time not to take hold of her or to get in front of her, and he got along very well until three robbers jumped out from behind a big rock and told him to stop.

He drew out his sword and was going to fight the robbers, but they were magicians as well as robbers, and they turned him into a big stone and the cow into a mound of earth. And so they remained.

III. THE PRINCE'S SON SAVES HIS FATHER AND TAKES THE COW BACK TO THE BLACKSMITH

After a while the princess in Spain began to be afraid that something had happened to the prince. As the years went by, she became more and more afraid. She and the prince had a little son, and when this son grew to be a man, he too was afraid that something had happened to his father; so he set out to look for him. Now the prince's son had grown to be the strongest young man in Spain, and no one could stand before him.

When he got to Ireland he took the same road that his father and the cow had taken, and the same three robbers leaped out from behind the rock and told him to stop. But before they could turn him into a stone, he jumped and caught two of the robbers by their necks and sat upon them. When the third robber came



to help the other two, he caught the third one and held him with his hands, and made him tell what had happened to his father and the cow.

"That stone is your father, and that mound of earth is the cow, and we made them that way," said the robber.

"Then turn them back again, or it will be the worse for you," said the prince's son.

The robbers turned the big stone back into the prince, and the mound of earth into the cow, and very glad were the prince and his son to meet again after all those years.

The first thing they did was to drive the cow to the home of the Jolly Blacksmith, and the blacksmith was so glad to see the cow again that he wept tears of joy.

The prince and his son went back to Spain and found the princess, and they lived happily ever after.

Old Irish Folk Tale

Ire'land
al rě(a)d'ŷ

s(w)ōrds

(k)nī(gh)t
mī(gh)t'i est

SOME POEMS BY A LITTLE GIRL¹

VELVETS

By a Bed of Pansies

This pansy has a thinking face

Like the yellow moon.

This one has a face with white blots:

I call him the clown.

Here goes one down the grass

With a pretty look of plumpness;

She is a little girl going to school

With her hands in the pockets of her
pinafore.

Her name is Sue.

I like this one, in a bonnet,

Waiting,

Her eyes are so deep!

But these on the other side,

These that wear purple and blue,

¹ This group of poems is reprinted, by permission, from "Poems by a Little Girl," by Hilda Conkling. Copyright, 1920, by Frederick A. Stokes Company.



They are the Velvets,
The king with his cloak,
The queen with her gown,
The prince with his feather.
These are dark and quiet
And stay alone.
I know you, Velvets,
Color of Dark,
Like the pine-tree on the hill
When stars shine!



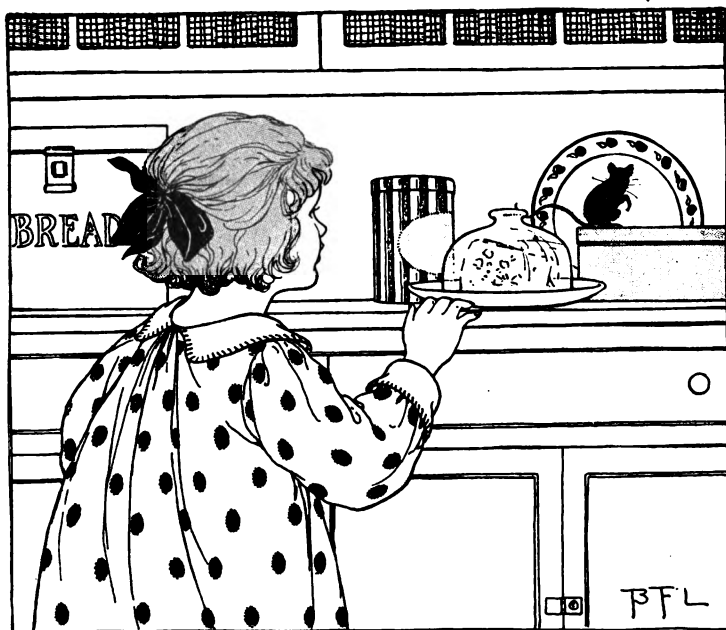
DANDELION

O little soldier with the golden helmet,
What are you guarding on my lawn?
You with your green gun
And your yellow beard,
Why do you stand so stiff?
There is only the grass to fight!

ROSE-MOSS

"Little Rose-Moss beside the stone,
Are you lonely in the garden?
There are no friends of you,
And the birds are gone.
Shall I pick you?"

"Little girl up by the hollyhock,
I am not lonely.
I feel the sun burning,
I hold light in my cup,
I have all the rain I want,
I think things to myself that you don't
 . know,
I am not lonely,
But you may pick me
And take me to your mother."



MOUSE

Little Mouse in gray velvet,
Have you had a cheese-breakfast?
There are no crumbs on your coat,
Did you use a napkin?
I wonder what you had to eat,
And who dresses you in gray velvet?

HILDA CONKLING

HOW GIDEON AND THREE HUNDRED MEN CHASED AN ARMY

I. AN ANGEL COMES TO SEE GIDEON

Long ago, in the land of Israel, there lived a man whose name was Gideon. One day, as he was threshing wheat under an oak tree on his father's farm, he looked up and saw an angel beside him. The angel spoke to him and said, "God is with you."

"If God is with us," said Gideon, "why does he let the people of Midian destroy us? For the people of Midian are stronger than we, and the army of Midian marches over our fields and destroys our grain. We have but little left to eat, and I am threshing our wheat secretly, here in the shadow of this oak tree, so that the army of Midian may not see it and take it away."

"Go," said the angel. "Drive out the

army of Midian and save the people of Israel, for God has sent you."

"But how can I save Israel?" answered Gideon. "I am the least of all my father's family, and we are poor, and none of us would be able to do this thing."

"Go," said the angel, "for surely God will be with you."

Soon after this the army of Midian came down into a valley in the land of Israel and made their camp. And Gideon remembered what the angel had said to him. So he blew a trumpet and called the people of Israel together. And they came to him.

II. GIDEON MAKES HIS ARMY READY

When the men of Israel were gathered together, they made their camp on the edge of the valley not far from the army of Midian. But God said to Gideon, "There are too many of you to fight against

Midian; for the people will think they have driven out the army of Midian by the strength of their own arms, and it will make them proud. Now, therefore, let all those who are afraid return to their homes."

Gideon did as God had commanded, and more than two thirds of the men of Israel went home.

Again God spoke to Gideon and said, "There are yet too many—for there are ten thousand left. Bring them down to the water, therefore, and do as I shall command you."

So Gideon led them down to the water, and God said, "Let them drink, and set apart by themselves all those that drink from their hands, lapping the water as a dog laps it. And set also apart by themselves in another place those who kneel down upon their knees to drink."

Gideon did so, and there were three hundred men who lapped the water, putting their hands to their mouths. All the rest of the men knelt down upon their knees to drink.

Then God said to Gideon, "By these three hundred men who lapped the water out of their hands, I will save the people of Israel from the army of Midian. Let the others go to their tents." So the others went to their tents, but Gideon kept the three hundred men ready to go with him, and the army of Midian was camped beneath them in the valley.

That night God spoke to Gideon as he slept, and said, "Arise and go down against Midian. But if you wish, you may go down at first secretly, with your servant, and hear what the people of Midian are saying, and it will strengthen your heart."



So Gideon went down secretly with his servant, by night, and all the army of Midian lay along the valley. And Gideon listened and heard a soldier telling another of a dream that he had dreamed.

The man was saying, "I dreamed a dream, and I saw a cake of barley bread come tumbling into the camp of Midian. This cake of barley bread came to a tent and knocked the tent down, so that the tent lay flat along the ground."

The other soldier answered and said, "I know what this dream means. The cake of barley bread is the sword of Gideon, a man of Israel. And he will win the battle over us."

When Gideon heard this dream and knew what it meant, he returned to the camp of Israel and said, "Arise, O Israel, for God has given the army of Midian into our hands."

III. GIDEON DRIVES OUT THE ARMY OF MIDIAN

Then Gideon divided the three hundred men into three companies, and to every man he gave a trumpet and a pitcher and a lamp inside the pitcher. And he said, "Look at me, and do what you see me do. When I blow with a trumpet, you must blow also, and shout, 'The sword of God and of Gideon.'"

So Gideon that night set the three companies around the camp of Midian. He, with one company, stood on one side of the camp, and the two other companies stood on two other sides. And when all was still, he and the company that was with him suddenly blew their trumpets and broke their pitchers and held up the lamps, and the lamps made a great light. Then they shouted all together, "The sword of God and of Gideon! The sword of God and of Gideon!" And the two

other companies on two other sides of the camp did the same.

Then the army of Midian woke out of sleep and heard the sound of the trumpets and the breaking of the pitchers and the shouting. They saw the lights all around them, and they cried out and ran away down the valley, and the men of Israel blew the trumpets again and shouted and followed after them.

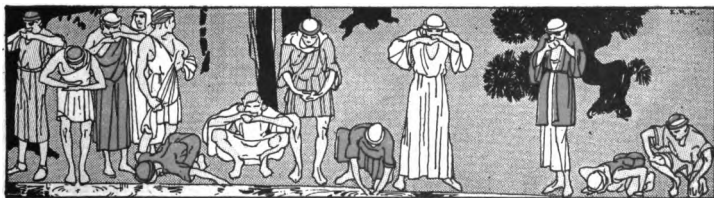
So Gideon and the three hundred men that were with him saved Israel that night, as God had commanded, and drove out the army of Midian.

Retold from THE BIBLE

Gid'e on
thrěsh'ing

ān'gel
Mīd'ī an

Is'ra ēl
dī vīd'ēd



HOW JASON BROUGHT HOME THE GOLDEN FLEECE

I. JASON IS SENT TO GET THE FLEECE

Once on a time, in the pleasant land of Greece, lived the young prince Jason. The king of that land was a wicked and cruel king. He was afraid of Jason, because he knew that, by right, Jason ought to be king instead of himself. He thought, too, that Jason would sometime take the kingdom from him. So he sent Jason away on a long and dangerous journey — so long and so dangerous that he thought the young prince would never return.

In the country to which Jason was sent was the Golden Fleece. This fleece was the skin of a wonderful ram that years before had carried off two children and had taken them to this far country. There the ram had been killed and his skin had

been hung upon a great tree. The fleece — both the skin and the wool upon it — was of the finest gold and shone like the sun. The king of that country, like the king in Greece, was a hard and cruel king, and he would never give up the fleece. But Jason was commanded to go and get it.

Jason was not afraid to go. He called all the brave young men that he had known when they were boys at school together, and asked them if they would go with him, and they said they would. Together they built a great boat with places for fifty oars. For there were fifty of these young men — all noble fellows — and they planned to have an oar for each. The name that they gave to the boat was *Argo*.

When the *Argo* was ready they put it into the sea and rowed away. They had

many adventures on their journey, and many escapes, and some of the company did not live to reach the country where the Golden Fleece was hanging.

But after a long time those who were left came to the shores of that far country and saw the golden roofs of the king's palace shining above the trees.

II. THE KING WILL NOT GIVE UP THE FLEECE

Then said Jason, "I will go up to the king of this land and ask him for the fleece before we try to take it by force. For it is better first to see what pleasant words will do."

So he went up, and four others with him, and he said to the king:

"O King, we come to ask for the Golden Fleece, that we may take it back to Greece. For there, by right, it belongs. But we will pay you for it, if you wish,

by helping you to fight against your enemies. We are all good soldiers."

The king was angry because Jason had dared to ask him for the fleece. He thought how he could destroy Jason and his friends, and after thinking a moment he said to Jason:

"I will give you the Golden Fleece if you will do what I ask you. In a field, close by, are two bulls with hoofs of brass. They are fierce beasts; they breathe out fire and smoke, and their roaring is like thunder. Hitch these two bulls to my plow and plow the field. Then sow the field with seed that I shall give you. This seed is not like common seed. It is the teeth of a dragon, and when you have sown it, out of each seed will spring an armed man. You must fight these men and overcome them, and you must do all this before the sun goes down. If you

do it, I will give you the Golden Fleece. If you fail, it will go hard with you."

Jason thought for a few moments and answered, "I will do it."

Then Jason and his friends went back to their boat, and his friends were very sad. They thought he could never do this thing. Some of them wanted to fight and take away the fleece by force, but Jason said, "No, I have promised the king that I will plow with the bulls and sow the dragon's teeth, and I will do what I have promised."

III. JASON GETS THE HELP OF THE WITCH-MAIDEN

Then one of his friends, who knew that country well, spoke and said:

"Jason, there is a witch-maiden in this land, who knows all magic. I will find her and tell her what you want. Perhaps she will help you."

So he went up and found the witch-maiden, and she herself was a princess. He told her what the king had said to Jason and asked her to help him. The witch-maiden had seen Jason when he talked to the king that morning, and she was sorry for him. So she came down and gave to Jason a magic juice.

“Take this juice,” she said, “and tomorrow morning arise and rub it over your body and over your spear and your sword and your shield. Then you shall have the strength of a giant, and neither the fiery breath of the bulls nor the spears of the armed men shall hurt you. But remember that you must finish the work before sunset, for this juice is good only for a day.

“Another thing I will tell you,” said the witch-maiden. “When you have sown the dragon’s teeth, and when the armed

men have sprung up, throw a great stone among them. Then they will stop fighting you and will fight over the stone and will destroy one another. So you shall win the Golden Fleece."

IV. JASON PLOWS THE FIELD AND SOWS THE DRAGON'S TEETH

The next morning Jason rose up early and rubbed himself with the magic juice. And he rubbed his sword and his spear and his shield with it.

Then he went out to the field, and the bulls rushed out of a great hole in the earth. They pawed the ground with their hoofs of brass, and they breathed out fire and smoke. But Jason stood firm and held up the shield that he had rubbed with the magic juice. The bulls drove their horns against it and breathed out fire upon it and upon Jason, but he was not hurt.



Then he dropped the shield and seized the nearest bull by its horns and dragged it down on its knees to the ground. After that he hitched it to the plow. When this was done he did the same to the other bull and drove them both around the field, plowing up the ground. The bulls roared terribly and ran before him with the plow, but they did not hurt him.

While he plowed the field the king stood by and watched him and was filled with rage. He thought that the bulls would surely trample Jason into the earth—and behold! Jason had hitched them and had plowed the field.

Then Jason took the dragon's teeth and sowed them where he had plowed. And out of the earth rose up armed men—thousands of them—and rushed upon Jason. But Jason remembered what the witch-maiden had told him. He seized a

great rock — so great that four men could hardly lift it — and he threw it lightly into the midst of the armed men. Then they stopped fighting him and began to fight among themselves, around the rock, as dogs fight over a bone. And they fought until not one of them was left.

“Now,” said Jason to the king, “give me the Golden Fleece.”

The king was pale with rage and fear, but he hid his rage and said to Jason, “Wait until tomorrow and I will give you the fleece.”

So Jason went back to his friends on the shore, and the king sent out to bring the witch-maiden. For he was sure that she had helped Jason with her magic.

When the witch-maiden heard that the king had sent for her, she went down to the shore where Jason and his friends were feasting.

“Oh, save me! save me!” she said. “For the king has sent for me, and he will destroy me. My magic will not save me from him.”

“You need not fear the king,” said Jason. “Show us the Golden Fleece, and when we have it, we will take you with us to the pleasant land of Greece. There you may make your home, and none shall harm you.”

The maiden wept, for she did not like to leave her home. But at last she said: “Come with me, and I will show you the fleece. You will need to be quick and strong, for a mighty serpent keeps watch over it, and it will be hard to get. But I think I can make the serpent sleep, for I have with me another juice which brings sleep to all who are sprinkled with it. If I can make the serpent sleep, then you may take the fleece.”

V. JASON TAKES THE FLEECE AND RETURNS HOME

So they went out through the dark woods—Jason and the witch-maiden—and it was past midnight. Great trees rose dim on each side of the path, and dark, tangled vines caught their feet as they passed. But soon they saw something shining far ahead. The forest then grew lighter, and they could see the way. The light came from the Golden Fleece. There it hung upon a great oak tree and lighted all the woods.

But at the foot of the tree lay the mighty serpent, coiled in and out among the roots. When he saw Jason and the witch-maiden he lifted up his great head and hissed. And the forest trembled. Then the witch-maiden began her magic charms to make the monster sleep. Soon he grew drowsy, and his head sank slowly

down. At that she took a branch and dipped it in the juice and sprinkled it over his head. Then his eyes closed slowly, and he was asleep.

When all was quiet, Jason leaped to the tree and tore down the fleece. Then they hurried back through the forest, and the fleece which Jason carried shone so that it made the woods as bright as day.

When they reached the shore their boat, the *Argo*, was ready to receive them. Their friends were waiting. So they went aboard, and when dawn began to appear in the east they were out at sea, well on their way toward home.

They had many other adventures before they saw again the pleasant land of Greece. But in the end they reached home, and Jason married the witch-maiden and became king.

Jā'son

fī'er ŷ

fo(ugh)t

re cē(i)v(e)'

HOW SIR GALAHAD FOUND HIS SWORD AND HIS SHIELD

I. SIR GALAHAD COMES TO KING ARTHUR'S CASTLE

In the old days when knights rode out on horseback and did brave deeds, King Arthur ruled in England. In the castle where he ruled was a high-roofed hall, and in this hall a great round table, about which his knights used to meet. Because of this, they were called the Knights of the Round Table. Each knight had his own seat, and on that seat his name was written in letters of gold. But one seat was always empty, because it was said that no one might sit in it except the best knight in the world. King Arthur's knights were modest knights as well as brave, and none felt that he was better than the rest.

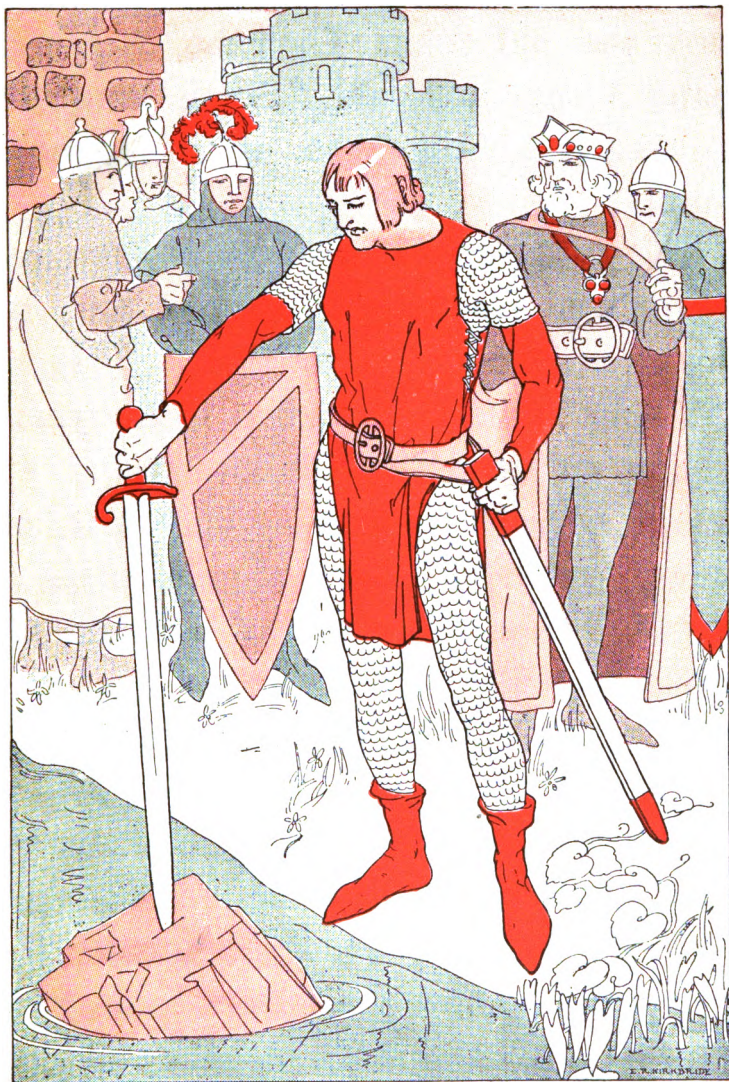
So it went on until one holiday, when a feast was spread and the knights were

gathered at the Round Table, each in his own seat. But the one seat was still empty, because no one dared to sit in it.

Then a strange thing happened. Suddenly all the doors and windows shut of themselves. There were no lamps or candles in the room, yet the room was as light as ever.

Then said King Arthur, "Fair knights, we have seen strange things this day, but before night I think we shall see stranger things yet."

As he spoke, an old man with a long white beard came into the room, dressed all in white. No one knew from where he came. And with him he brought a young knight, younger than any of King Arthur's knights, and this young knight was dressed in red, having no sword or shield, but only a sheath for a sword hanging at his side.



"Peace be with you, fair knights," said the old man. Then he turned to King Arthur and said, "Sir, I bring here a young knight who is of a noble family."

The king was pleased and answered, "Sir, you are right welcome, and the young knight with you."

Then the old man turned to the young knight and said, "Sir, follow me."

And he led him to the empty seat, and there, written in letters of gold, were the words, "This is the seat of Galahad, the noble prince."

"Sir," said the old man, "that place is yours."

Then the young knight sat down in the empty seat—for his name was Galahad. And the knights wondered greatly, for no one knew how the letters came to be written upon the seat, and they did not

know how the young knight came, unless God had sent him.

While the knights all wondered, the old man went away out of the castle and was seen no more.

But King Arthur took Galahad by the hand and welcomed him to the Round Table.

II. SIR GALAHAD FINDS A SWORD

Then King Arthur said to Galahad, "Come with me, and I will show you a strange thing. For this morning there was found in the river, just beside the castle, a stone floating on the water, and a sword was sticking into it. The handle of the sword was set with jewels, and there were on it letters of gold. And the letters said, 'Never shall any man take me except the man by whose side I ought to hang, and he must be the best

knight in the world.' Many good knights have tried this day to draw the sword out of the stone, but they have failed."

They went down to the river, and there was the stone floating upon the water, and the stone looked like red marble. A sword was sticking into it, as the king had said, and the handle of the sword was set with jewels.

Galahad looked upon the sword and read the golden letters, "Never shall any man take me except the man by whose side I ought to hang."

"It is not strange that the other knights could not pull it out," said Galahad, "for this is not their sword; it is mine. I knew that I should find a sword. I was so sure of it that I brought no sword with me. See! Here by my side hangs the empty sheath. I shall draw this sword out of the stone."

With that he laid his hand upon the sword and drew it lightly out of the stone and put it into the sheath that hung at his side.

“Sir,” said King Arthur, “in good time God will send you a shield also.”

III. SIR GALAHAD OVERCOMES THE OTHER KNIGHTS

Then the king said to his knights, “I may never see so many good knights together again, and I should like to know who is the strongest and bravest of you. Prove yourselves, therefore, this day.”

So they all put on their armor and went to a wide meadow beside the castle, and each knight sat upon his horse, holding a spear in his right hand and a shield in his left. But Galahad would take no shield, for he said that he should find one sometime.

Then some of the knights on horseback stood in a line on one side of the meadow, and some in a line on the other side, while the queen and her ladies looked down upon them from the windows of the castle.

When all was ready, the two companies of knights on horseback, one on the right and the other on the left, rode straight at one another, holding their spears before them. There was a great clash of spears. Knights were thrown from their horses. Spears were split. Armor was broken. Horses rolled on the ground. And in the midst of it all, Sir Galahad rode without hurt. He broke all the spears that were turned against him, and he overthrew all the knights that attacked him. He was the strongest and bravest of all the knights that day.



IV. SIR GALAHAD FINDS A SHIELD

The next day Sir Galahad rode out of the castle, and when he had gone four days' journey he came to a church. There he found two other knights of the Round Table.

"Sirs, what brought you here?" asked Galahad.

"Sir," said one of the knights, "it is told us that in this church is a shield

that no man can carry without being killed or hurt in three days' time. But I shall carry it, for I wish to see what will happen."

They went into the church and there they found a man clothed in a long robe, and they asked him where the shield was. He led them to the place where it hung and showed it to them. It was a white shield—as white as snow—and in the middle of it was a red cross.

"Sirs," said the man, "this shield ought not to be carried by anyone except the best knight in the world. Therefore I warn you to think well before you touch it."

"Well," said the first knight, "I know I am not the best knight in the world, but I shall try to carry it."

So he took it out of the church and said to Sir Galahad and the other knight,

“If it please you, sirs, stay here till you know how this adventure turns out.” And he rode off with the shield.

When he had gone about two miles he met another knight clothed all in shining white armor. The knight in white armor held his spear straight before him and ran at King Arthur's knight and struck him so hard that the spear ran through the armor of King Arthur's knight and into his shoulder and knocked him to the ground.

Then the knight in white armor took the shield from King Arthur's knight and said to him, “Knight, you have done foolishly, for this shield ought not to be carried by any except the best knight in the world.”

With that he gave the shield to a messenger and said, “Take this shield to the good knight Sir Galahad at the church, for it belongs to him and to no other.”

And they took up King Arthur's knight and brought him to a place where he could be cared for, and it was long before he was strong again.

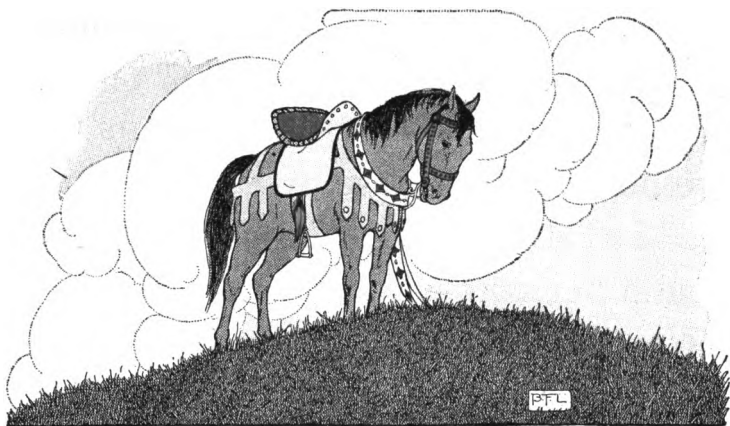
But the messenger took the white shield to Sir Galahad at the church and told him what the knight in white armor had said.

"Now blessed be God!" said Galahad. And with that he mounted upon his horse and hung the white shield about his neck and prayed God to bless those whom he left behind.

Then he rode out to do brave deeds and to meet with great adventures. And the story of these adventures is written in the book of King Arthur and his Knights.

Retold from SIR THOMAS MALORY

Găl'a hăd	Eng'land (îng'gland)	blëss'əd
prove (proov)		mës'sen ger



BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL

High upon Highlands
and low upon Tay,
Bonnie George Campbell
rode out on a day.

Saddled and bridled
and gallant rode he ;
Home came his good horse,
but never came he.

Old Scottish Ballad

Căm(p)'bel(l)

A VISIT TO THE INDIANS

I. THE INDIAN HUNTERS

"Grandfather, please tell us a story," said Margaret, as she climbed up on her grandfather's knee.

"Yes," said Jack, "about the Indians."

"But not about fighting Indians," said Margaret. "It is too near bedtime, and I don't like that kind of story anyway."

"Let me think," said grandfather. "How should you like a story about some men who visited the Indians a long time ago and were treated kindly and had roast turkey and bear meat and pumpkins and some bread with nuts and blueberries baked in it, and —"

"Yes, yes," said Margaret, "that is just the kind of story I like."

"It sounds like Thanksgiving," added Jack.

“Well, sit down here then, one on each knee,—that’s right,—and I will tell you about a journey that was made by three white men among the Indians in the state of New York, when this country was very new and wild.

“The white men who came to New York from over the sea built a fort near the place where the city of Albany now stands and named it Fort Orange. They wanted to trade with the Indians. The Indians, you know, were great hunters and used to bring the skins or furs of wild animals to the white men, to trade for cloth or beads or knives or other things that the white men had. Sometimes the white men gave them wampum for the skins. Wampum was the Indian money. It was made of little pieces of shells strung on strings. Some wampum was made from white shells and some from purple shells.

The purple wampum was worth more than the white.

“Well, the people at Fort Orange wanted more furs, so they sent a man named Van Curler, and two others with him, to visit the Indians and to ask them to be friendly and come more often to trade.

“Van Curler wrote all about this journey and put the story away in his trunk. It has just been found after almost three hundred years, and it tells us much that we are glad to know about the Indians of that time.

II. A FEAST WITH THE INDIANS

“Van Curler and his two friends set out one cold winter morning about two weeks before Christmas. Five Indians went with them to show them the way. The first night they stayed in an old empty hut in the woods. While they were asleep the

Indian dogs ate up their meat and cheese and left them only a little dry bread.

“Before it was light they were on their way again and soon came to a river full of floating ice. They found a little canoe on the bank. It was only big enough for two, so one of the Indians took the rest of them over in it, one at a time. It was still dark and very cold.

“All that day they tramped through the snow and at night they found another hut where they could sleep. In the morning they went on again until they came to the first Indian village. It was built on a high hill. The houses were made of bark and were quite large. There were nearly forty of these houses, and several families lived in each house.

“Most of the Indians had gone hunting, but those that were left gave the white men some baked pumpkin and told them

to make themselves at home. Soon the chief came back with a large wild turkey.

“‘Here!’ he said. ‘Roast this turkey and make a feast for the white men.’

“They roasted the turkey and made a feast. They had also deer and bear meat and pumpkin and beans and corn.

“The next day the three white men went hunting with the Indians, but it snowed hard, and they did not find anything. The snow was so deep that they stayed with the Indians several days. When they left, they gave the chief a knife and a pair of scissors, which pleased him very much.

III. THE WAR GAME AND THE INDIAN DOCTORS

“Another day’s journey brought them to the second village. Here a famous Indian hunter took them to his house and fed them with beaver meat. He had a

tame bear that would eat out of his hand. Van Curler wanted to buy the bear, but the Indian would not let it go.

“After staying a few days at this second village they tramped on to the third village. It was very cold, and they had to wade through a river that was full of floating ice. When they got across, their clothes froze so stiff that they could hardly walk.

“The third village was also on a high hill and much like the others, but the houses were longer. In some of them were as many as six families. Each family had its own fireplace and did its own cooking. Van Curler was given a panther's skin to sleep under, but it was not very clean, and he did not like it.

“Again they tramped through the snow, to the fourth village, and there they saw the Indians getting ready to play a game.

It was a war game. There were about ten Indians on each side, and they pounded one another and dragged one another about by the hair until they thought it was time to stop.

“At this place the white men bought some dried strawberries, some beans, and some bread with nuts and dried blueberries baked in it.

“In one of the houses of this village was an Indian who was ill. Two Indian doctors were trying to cure him. First, they shut the house up tight and built a big fire in the fireplace. Then the doctors both began to sing as loud as they could sing. Each had a snake skin tied around his head. They lifted the sick man and put him in front of the fire. Then they poured something into a pail of water and wet a stick in the water. They pushed this stick down the sick man’s throat.



T

Then they leaped and danced about him, clapping their hands and making as much noise as they could. The sick man did not seem to enjoy it very much and did not get much better.

“Here in this fourth village they spent Christmas. It snowed all day and did not seem at all like the Christmas that they had been used to at home.

IV. THE BIG MEETING

“There was one more village that they wished to visit, and this was distant several days’ journey. It snowed most of the time, and the snow was above their knees, but they kept on and at last reached the end of the journey. This village too was on a hill, and around it were two high fences built of posts set close together, to keep out all enemies. Over the gate were three big ugly images made of wood and painted.

“The Indians treated Van Curler and his friends kindly and asked them to come in. It was the night before the New Year, and Van Curler told them that at midnight they would fire their guns. The Indians were pleased at that. They sat up and waited to hear the guns go off. Anything that made a noise seemed to please them greatly.

“On New Year’s Day the Indians had a meeting. One of the chiefs asked Van Curler why he had come to see them and what present he had brought.

“‘I have brought no present,’ said Van Curler. ‘I have only come to visit you and ask you to trade with us.’

“‘You cannot visit us if you do not bring a present,’ said the Indian.

“The other Indians crowded around to hear what the white men would say. There were more than fifty Indians in the room.

“‘You are rascals. You do not pay us enough for our beaver skins, and you bring us no presents,’ said the first Indian.

“Van Curler saw that he must not seem to be afraid. If they thought he was afraid they would probably kill him. The Indians do not like a coward; they like one who is not afraid.

“So he stood up very straight and looked the first Indian right in the eye.

“‘You are rascals, yourselves,’ he said, ‘and *you* are the biggest rascal of all.’

“All the Indians laughed. They thought that was a good joke. Then the first Indian said, ‘You must not be so angry, for we are very glad that you came.’

“After that, one of the other white men who was with Van Curler gave the chief two knives, two pairs of scissors, and a few awls and needles.

“Some of the Indians came to Van Curler

and said: 'We want to be your friends. You need not be afraid of us.'

"'I never thought of being afraid of you,' Van Curler answered.

"An old Indian walked up and put his hand over Van Curler's heart to feel if it was beating very fast. If the white man's heart beat very fast, it was certain that he must be afraid. But the Indian could not feel it beat at all. So he turned to the others and shouted, 'No, no, he is not afraid.'

"Several others came up and felt of his heart, and all agreed that he was not afraid.

"Then they gave him a coat of beaver skins, and one of them said that they gave it to him because he had come a long way and must be very tired. He pointed to Van Curler's legs and to his own and said, 'Besides, you have been marching through the snow.'

“Van Curler took the coat and thanked them. Then they all shouted ‘Netho! netho! netho!’ That meant ‘Very well! very well! very well!’

“Then they laid five beaver skins on his feet, and one of the Indians said: “‘After this we want you to pay us more for the skins that we bring to the fort. We want you to give us for every big skin a string of wampum as long as the breadth of a man’s hand and a piece of cloth as broad as a man’s hand. If you will not do this, we will not sell you any more skins.’

“Van Curler said that he would talk to the men at the fort and would come back in the spring. Then they all shouted again, ‘Netho! netho! netho!’

“After that they sang something that Van Curler could not understand, but they told him it meant that he might go



anywhere among their villages, and when he wished to stay with them they would give him a house and a fire and everything he needed.

“When the song was over they gave him another beaver skin, and the chief said he and some of the other Indians would go back with the white men and take some skins to trade. The Indians shouted ‘Hi! hi! hi!’ That meant that they all agreed.

“After this was done they sat down side by side on the floor and ate bear meat out of wooden bowls.

V. THE MARCH HOME

“When Van Curler and his friends were ready to go home, the Indians all crowded around them and asked them to fire their guns again. So they did, and then they tramped off through the snow. The chief and some of the Indians went with them, carrying a lot of skins.

“The snow was almost up to the men’s waists in some places, and one day they lost their way and had a hard time finding it again. They slept one night in the snow out under the open sky. Each day of their journey home they walked more than twenty miles, and they were not sorry when they saw Fort Orange again.”

s(c)is'sors

fā'm(o)us

īm'a ges

nē'thō

HOW BIRD WOMAN HELPED TO FIND A WAY TO THE OCEAN

I. BIRD WOMAN IS CAPTURED

"Another story, please, grandfather," cried Margaret and Jack, both together, when they found him in the sitting room reading the evening paper.

"What shall it be about tonight?" asked grandfather.

"Oh, more about Indians!" said Jack. "You know all about Indians."

"Do you know any story about Indian girls?" asked Margaret.

"Yes," said grandfather. "I know several. Did you ever hear of Bird Woman?"

"No; I never did," said Margaret. "That is a funny name for a girl."

"Her Indian name is rather long and hard to speak,¹ but it means Bird Woman,

¹ Să cǎ'jě wě'a

and that is what I shall call her. She helped to find a way through the mountains and along the rivers to the great ocean which the Indians call the Everywhere-Salt-Water. We call it the Pacific."

"Tell us about it," said Margaret.

"When this Indian girl was about ten or twelve years old, she was living with her people up among the mountains in the West. It was spring. The Indians had gone down into the plains to hunt for buffalo. They had made their camp by the side of a river, and the men were out hunting when another tribe of Indians suddenly attacked them. Some of Bird Woman's people ran up into the mountains; others hid in the bushes. Little Bird Woman tried to wade across the river, where the water was not deep, but one of the enemy on horseback saw her and rode through the water after her.

He seized her, lifted her up on the back of his horse, and rode away with her. There were a number of other prisoners — most of them children. They were taken on horseback away to the east, hundreds of miles over the plains to the homes of their enemy, a tribe of Indians who live in earth houses. Some of the prisoners escaped one night and got back to their own people in the mountains, but little Bird Woman could not get away.

“So she grew up among the Indians in the earth houses on the plains, and there she married a white man who had come out to hunt among them.”

II. BIRD WOMAN GOES WEST WITH THE WHITE MEN

“After several years a company of about forty white men came out from the East to find a way across the plains

and through the mountains to the great ocean that we call the Pacific. No white man had ever made that journey before. Some thought it could not be made. But these men believed they could find a way. At the head of the company were two captains, Captain Lewis and Captain Clark. The first winter of their journey they spent among the Indians of the earth houses, and here they met Bird Woman and her husband.

“They asked Bird Woman all about her people, for they must pass through the mountain country before they could reach the ocean, and they wished to know what sort of people they should meet.

“Bird Woman told them that her people were very poor and often did not have enough to eat, but that they were good Indians and would do no harm to anyone unless they were attacked.



"This she told them through her husband, for she could not speak the language of the white men. She spoke to her husband in her Indian language, and he told the two captains what she said. Then they told her husband what they wished to say to her, and he told her in the Indian language.

"'Why not ask this man and woman to go with us?' said one of the captains to the other. 'When we want to talk to the Indians of the mountains, Bird Woman and her husband can tell them what we want to say. Then, too, if Bird Woman is with us, her people will be friendly to us and will help us on our way.'

"So it happened that Bird Woman and her husband went with Captains Lewis and Clark and their company of white men, to find a way across the plains and over the mountains to the ocean.

“Bird Woman had a little baby only a few months old. The two captains were afraid it would be a hard journey for him, but Bird Woman said no; she would take him on her back in a little net, and he would make the journey very well.”

III. THEY HAVE ADVENTURES

“For many days they sailed up a wide river in boats made from logs hollowed out and fitted with sails.

“One day the wind was very strong. It struck the sail of one of the boats with such force as to turn it almost over. This boat happened to be the one in which Bird Woman and her husband were sailing. When the boat tipped, boxes of food and other useful things tumbled out into the river and began to float away. Bird Woman’s husband was so frightened that he did not know what to do, but

Bird Woman, with her baby on her back, reached for the boxes and bundles and saved them all.

“At another time they came to some falls in the river and were walking around them on the shore. Captain Clark with Bird Woman and her husband were ahead. All at once it began to rain, and before long the rain was pouring down so fast that they had to stop in a hollow place under some high rocks, for shelter. How it did rain! Bird Woman put the baby down on the ground at her feet and covered it with her dress to keep it dry. But soon a flood of water came pouring down upon them from the higher ground above. Bird Woman seized her baby. Captain Clark seized his gun. They began to climb up the bank to the higher ground, Captain Clark and Bird Woman’s husband pushing Bird Woman, while she held the

baby tight in her arms. The water rose above their knees, then up to their waists. It came with such force that it rolled big stones down upon them. It was hard to climb that slippery bank, and many times they slipped back. At last they reached the top, wet to the skin and covered with mud; but they were safe, while the water poured like a great river over the place where they had been standing."

IV. THEY MEET THE MOUNTAIN INDIANS

"After many days they reached the country where Bird Woman's people lived. She was walking along the bank of the river, ahead of the rest, when suddenly she began to dance with joy. She pointed ahead at several Indians whom she saw far away on horseback. They were her people. She knew them.

"They soon reached the Indian camp.

A woman came out to meet them. When Bird Woman saw her she rushed forward, and they threw their arms around each other's necks. This woman was one of those who had been captured with Bird Woman when they were children. She had afterward escaped and found her way back to her own people.

"The chief of the tribe was a fine-looking young Indian named Black Bow. Captains Lewis and Clark wanted to talk to him, so they sent for Bird Woman to come and tell him that they wished to be his friends and would like to buy some horses to take them over the mountains.

"Bird Woman came, but when she saw the chief she threw her arms around his neck as she had done to the Indian woman. He was her own brother.

"'Don't you know me?' she said to him in the language of the tribe. 'I am



Bird Woman, your sister.’ And with that she put her blanket around his shoulders. That was a sign that she loved him.

“‘So you are!’ he cried. ‘Surely you are Bird Woman, but so much taller! I thought I should never see you again. This is a happy day.’

“Black Bow got horses for the white men and helped them to carry their baggage over the mountains. Then he told

them all that he knew about the country to the West. He had never been to the Everywhere-Salt-Water, but he knew that it was at the end of a great river, and he told them how to get to the river."

V. THEY FIND THE EVERYWHERE-SALT-WATER

"After a few days the company went on to find the ocean. Bird Woman and her husband and the baby went, too. They took their baggage on horses through the mountain country; then they came to a little river that ran into the big river of which Black Bow had told them. Here they cut down trees and made great logs. Then they made a hollow in each log by burning out one side with fire. These logs they used for boats, and into them they packed all their baggage, leaving the horses with some Indians until the next spring, when they expected to return.

“Down this river they sailed and paddled into the big river, and then after many days they came to the ocean.

“Bird Woman had never seen the ocean, and she thought it very wonderful. The waves rolled along the shore and made such a noise that it frightened her. A whale had been washed up on the beach by the waves. It was nearly three times as high as a man. This also seemed to her very wonderful. She called it the big fish. She had never seen a fish larger than those that were caught in the rivers of the plains and of the mountain country.

“It was now almost winter, and the company could not go back over the mountains until the snow had melted, in the spring. So they built a fort and stayed there through the cold weather, so near the ocean that every night they could hear the sound of the waves.

“They had little to eat and were often very hungry. Bird Woman gave Captain Clark a little piece of bread that she had been saving for months. It was moldy, but Captain Clark had not tasted bread for so long that it seemed to him very good. Much of the time the only meat they had was roast dog. They bought the dogs from the Indians, paying for them with beads, cloth, and brass buttons cut from their coats.

VI. HOME AGAIN

“In the spring they started homeward, and when the snow was melted on the mountains they crossed them and went down into the plains once more. But they saw nothing of Black Bow or any of his people. Whether they were away hunting or whether they had been driven off by some other tribe of Indians, the white

men never knew. They could not wait, for they had a long journey before them.

“The two captains asked Bird Woman and her husband to go back with them to the white man’s country, but they said they would rather stay among the Indians who live in earth houses. They were happy there, and they did not think they should like the white man’s country.

“Bird Woman’s baby grew up into a fine boy. When he was old enough to go to school, Captain Clark sent for him and put him into a good school in St. Louis. Bird Woman lived to be a very old woman — a hundred years old. In several western cities there are statues of her, with her baby on her back, just as she looked when she crossed the plains and the mountains to the Everywhere-Salt-Water.”

ocean (ō'shan)	Pa ǵĩ'fic	language (lǎng'gwage)
St. Louis (saint loo'is)		stăt'ūes

SPRING'S AWAKENING¹

A snowdrop lay in the sweet, dark ground.

"Come out," said the Sun, "come out!"
But she lay quite still and she heard no
sound.

"Asleep," said the Sun, "no doubt!"

The snowdrop heard, for she raised her
head.

"Look spry," said the Sun, "look spry!"
"It's warm," said the snowdrop, "here in
bed."

"O fie!" said the Sun, "O fie!"

"You call me too soon, Mr. Sun, you do."

"No, no," said the Sun, "oh, no!"

"There's something above, and I can't see
through."

"It's snow," said the Sun, "just snow."

¹ From *St. Nicholas*, by permission of The Century Company.

“But I say, Mr. Sun, are the robins here?”

“Maybe,” said the Sun, “maybe.”

“There wasn’t a bird when you called last year.”

“Come out,” said the Sun, “and see.”

The snowdrop sighed, for she liked her
nap,

And there wasn’t a bird in sight;
But she popped out of bed in her white
nightcap.

“That’s right,” said the Sun, “that’s
right!”

As soon as that small nightcap was seen
A robin began to sing.

The air grew warm, and the grass turned
green.

“’Tis spring,” laughed the Sun, “’tis
spring!”

ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY



APPLE BLOSSOMS¹

Apple blossoms look like snow,
They're different, though.
Snow falls softly, but it brings
Noisy things:
Sleighs and bells, forts and fights,
Cozy nights.

But apple blossoms when they go,
White and slow,
Quiet all the orchard space,
Till the place,
Hushed with falling sweetness, seems
Filled with dreams.

JOHN FARRAR

¹ From "Songs for Parents," by permission of the Yale University Press.



THE GRASS¹

The grass so little has to do—
A spear of simple green,
With only butterflies to brood,
And bees to entertain,

And stir all day to pretty tunes
The breezes fetch along,
And hold the sunshine in its lap,
And bow to everything.

EMILY DICKINSON

¹ From Emily Dickinson's "Poems." Copyright by Little, Brown & Company.

A RIDE IN AN AIRPLANE

I. GETTING READY

Did you ever hear the story of the man who had an enchanted horse? When he got upon the horse's back, all he had to do was to turn a little peg in the horse's neck and the horse would leap up into the air and fly away over land and sea, wherever the man wished to go.

I suppose no one ever really saw an enchanted horse, but we have something now that takes us through the air in very much the same way and is quite as wonderful. You know the airplane. I am going to tell you of a ride that I took in an airplane from London to Paris one day last summer.

It was noon when I rode out from London in an automobile to the place from which the airplane was to start.

There were several airplanes there. They were going different ways to different cities.

The man who drove me out from London said, as we rode along: "You are going to Paris, are you? Well, I took a woman out to the field yesterday who was going to Holland. It was about ten o'clock in the morning when I took her out, and at five o'clock in the afternoon I was driving her back to London with about eight hundred little chickens only a day out of the egg."

"Then she didn't go to Holland after all," I said.

"Ah! but she did!" he answered with a grin.

"It is almost two hundred miles to any place in Holland," I said.

"Yes, that is quite true," said the man.
"But she went in an airplane and bought

the chickens at a place in Holland where they hatch thousands of them, and she got into another airplane that was coming back to London the same afternoon, and at five o'clock here I was driving her into the city, and those little chicks were all peeping and chirping and making the greatest fuss you ever heard. She had them in boxes, and the boxes were full of little holes to let the noise out, I suppose. I don't know how the chickens liked their ride, but they had been flying pretty high — for chickens."

When I reached the field and saw the airplanes, I was quite excited. There stood the enchanted horse that was to take me to Paris. The body of it was the car in which I was to ride. It was long and pointed and more like the body of a wasp than like that of a horse. From this body stretched out two great wings,

one on each side, for this was a *winged* horse. Each of these two wings was double,—an upper wing and a lower wing,—and they were fastened together with blue poles. The car in the middle was blue and had on it, in large letters, F-UHMF. It was large enough to hold twelve passengers besides the two men who drove it.

In front of the car was something that looked like two great pinwheels, and when they went around they made the airplane go. At the back of the car was a sort of tail that was used for steering.

I climbed into the car and sat down in a chair. All around me were windows, so that I could see ahead and on both sides.

II. UP IN THE AIR

At last we were ready to start. Buzz! whir! whir! The big pinwheels began to

go around so fast that each looked like a solid, shiny piece of steel.

Slowly at first the car with the great wings on each side of it began to go forward. Then it rose a little higher and a little higher until we were up over the roofs of the houses and the tops of the trees, and still going forward and up, up, up!

The buzzing of the motors made the airplane tremble. When I touched the window the tips of my fingers went rat-tat-tat. I could not keep them close against the glass.

And what a noise the motors made! I tried to speak, but I could not hear my own voice, there was so much noise. I shouted. I sang "Yankee Doodle" as loud as I could sing, but the only sound I heard was the buzzing and whirring of the motors. Then I tried to whistle. Ah!



that was better! I could make myself heard at last! My whistle was shrill enough to be heard above the buzzing and the roaring. But I soon became used to the noise, and after an hour's time I hardly noticed it.

We rose in a great circle, and the nose of our car pointed south. Now and then we would strike a little puff of air, and the car would give a little jerk, as a kite will do. With every jerk there was a queer feeling down in my stomach. Some who ride in an airplane for the first time are quite sick, as they are seasick on the water. I was not sick, but I did not like those little jerks, though after a while I got used to them, as I got used to the noise and the trembling of the car.

We were going more than a hundred miles an hour, but we did not seem to be going fast. We seemed almost to be

standing still, while the fields and villages and woods and rivers away down below us on the earth seemed to be creeping along under us. And they seemed to be creeping very slowly.

The day was fine. There were patches of blue sky and patches of clouds. There was no wind except the wind that we made with our big pinwheels as we buzzed along. At one time we went through a pretty little shower of rain, and the raindrops ran across the window like little tadpoles, from right to left. It was warm when we began to go up, but as we went higher it grew colder, and I had to put on my overcoat.

We were soon flying over the English Channel. This is a part of the sea that lies between England and France. The water in the Channel is quite deep, but from the airplane we could see the bottom

plainly, and it seemed almost as if a man could wade across it, it looked so shallow.

We were soon higher than the clouds. Over us was only the sun and the blue, blue sky. Under us were the white, fleecy clouds, looking as if we might walk on them. But we did not try to do this.

Now the clouds had blown away and we were over France. The villages looked like little toy villages, the trains were like toy trains, and the cows in the meadows looked about as big as ants. The hills seemed quite flat, and the fields and meadows — some green, some yellow, some brown — looked like a great patchwork quilt spread out below us.

At about four o'clock we began to go a little more slowly and nearer the earth. We could see the shadow of our airplane on the ground. Other airplanes flew about us as we neared the landing field.

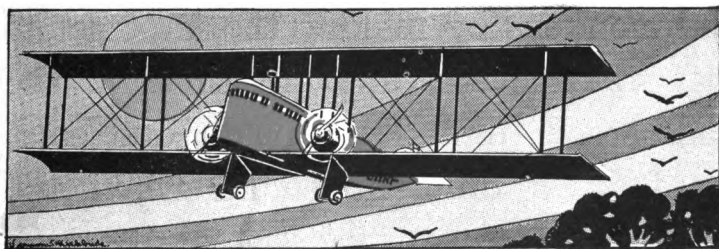
Then we went around in a great circle, hit the landing field with a soft little bump, and ran along the ground until we came to the place where we were to get out. A French officer came up to the car and tried to tell me something, but I could not understand him, for he talked French. Another officer looked me over to see if it was safe to let me get out. He decided that it was, so I got out. Then I climbed into an automobile, and another Frenchman drove me into the city to a hotel. I was in Paris.

WILLIAM LEE RICHARDSON (*Adapted*)

Pă'r'is
nō'tīced

d(o)ŭ'bl(e)
stom'ac(h)

shīn'ŷ
ō'f'ficer



IN AN AFRICAN FOREST¹

Mr. Garner liked monkeys. He liked to watch them and study them, and he spent many years in finding out just how they lived and what they did. He began by going to the city parks where animals were kept and watching the monkeys in their cages. He was most interested in the big monkeys, or apes.

Apes are really not monkeys at all. They look like monkeys, but are larger and have no tails. Full-grown apes are as large as a man, and some of them act very much like a man.

Mr. Garner tried to talk with the apes and monkeys by making the same sounds that they made, and he thought they understood him. They made one sound for food, a different sound when they

¹ Retold from "Apes and Monkeys," by R. L. Garner.

were frightened, and a different one when they wanted to tell of some danger—as if they wanted to say “Be careful.”

When Mr. Garner had studied apes and monkeys several years in this way, he decided to go to Africa, where the big apes live. He wanted to see just what they did when they were free and could do as they liked. So he went to Africa and set up a steel cage in the middle of a great forest. There he could watch the apes in their home, and they could not hurt him. It was quite different from the parks. For in the parks the apes and monkeys were in the cage, and he stood outside and watched them. But in the forest he was in the cage, and they came and watched him. They seemed very much interested in him, too.

The cage that Mr. Garner took with him was so large that he could live in it

and sleep in it and cook his meals in it over an oil stove. He lived there four months in the big forest and saw all kinds of wild beasts and studied their ways. They would come up to the cage to look at him, but they could not get in unless he opened the door, and he never opened the door unless he was pretty sure that his visitors were friendly.

Part of the time Mr. Garner had a black boy with him for company. This black boy lived in a little village of huts, not very far away, and came when he was wanted. But soon Mr. Garner bought from some hunters a young ape, and this ape became such good company that the boy was not really needed.

The hunters found the ape among some reeds on the edge of a river. The river had flowed over its banks, and the ground along its edge was covered with water.

Apes do not like to get their feet wet, and this little fellow had climbed up into some bushes to keep dry.

When Mr. Garner heard how they had found this little ape, he thought of a child who was found in the reeds by the side of a river many years ago and was named Moses. So he named the little ape Moses.

He built a house for Moses just outside the big steel cage, with a cloth before the door to keep out the mosquitoes. Moses did not try to run away. He knew that Mr. Garner was his master and his friend and that he always had something good to eat.

Moses always ate at the table with Mr. Garner. His food was given to him on a tin plate, and he had a spoon to eat with. But he never learned to eat with the spoon. He would hold it in one hand and eat with the other. Once he tried

to use Mr. Garner's fork to eat his soup with. He put the fork into the soup; then held it up and looked at it; then licked it; then smelled of it. After doing this several times he threw the fork on the floor and drank the soup from his plate. His table manners were not very good.

Mr. Garner generally used a newspaper for a tablecloth, and Moses liked to tear the newspaper. He would slyly put his foot over the corner of the table and catch hold of the paper. Then he would look at his master to see if he was going to be scolded. If Mr. Garner said nothing, Moses would tear the paper just a little and look at him again. If Mr. Garner raised his finger, Moses would quickly take down his foot and would be very busy eating. But just as soon as he found that his master was not looking, his foot would come up again and catch



hold of the newspaper. Then he would pull it and tear it a little more.

Once Mr. Garner punished him by making him get down on the floor. Moses did not like that at all, and when he saw the little black boy grinning at him, he was very angry. He did not wish to be laughed at.

He liked to try to drive nails into a board. He would hold a nail in one hand and pound it with the hammer just as he had seen his master do. But once he pounded his fingers, and after that he would never hold the nail while he was pounding it. Instead of that he would turn the nail upside down and make it stand on its flat head. Then he would pound it very hard. And he never seemed to know why it didn't go into the board.

He also liked to use the saw, but he always used the back of the saw, because

it went more easily that way. He would saw away for a long time with the back of the saw, but it never seemed to do much good.

Moses had often seen Mr. Garner read a newspaper. He tried to do the same, but he generally held the paper upside down. The pictures seemed to interest him. Several times he tried to pick them off the paper.

Mr. Garner used to take Moses with him when he went out into the forest. Moses' eyes were very sharp, and he could see many things that his master could not see. If he saw a snake or a wild beast of any kind, he would make a queer sound which seemed to mean "Be careful."

One dark, rainy night Mr. Garner felt something pulling at his blanket. He lay still for a moment and listened. Then he felt something cold and wet and rough

on his face. It was Moses' hand. The little ape had left his house and had put his arm between the bars of Mr. Garner's steel cage to wake him up. Something was wrong. Mr. Garner leaped up and lighted a candle. Then he took his gun and the candle and went out to see what was the matter. He found that a great army of ants had got into Moses' little house and had driven him out into the rain.

Mr. Garner put something into the house to drive the ants away, and soon Moses was back in bed and quite happy again.

There were many wild visitors who came to the big steel cage to see what was happening there. In the morning, as soon as the sun began to peep down through the trees, the parrots and other bright-colored birds would appear and set up a great chattering and scolding. Then the

monkeys would come and sit on a branch and watch Mr. Garner cook his breakfast. The chief monkey would generally sit far out on the branch, and the others would sit behind him in a line. Each one would put his hands on the shoulders of the monkey in front. Then they would chatter together, as if they were saying: "Look at that funny big monkey with clothes on. What do you suppose he is doing in that cage? Who do you suppose shut him up there?"

Then, perhaps, a porcupine would come in sight, pushing his nose along the ground as he hunted for food; or a wild pig would come rooting about among the leaves; or a big ape would wander along, eating some fruit or chewing the juicy buds of some tree or vine.

After breakfast Mr. Garner would take his gun and let Moses climb up on his

shoulder. Then they would go to a spring not far away and get water for the day. After that they would take a walk through the forest to see what they could see. When they came back, Mr. Garner would sit down in the cage and watch for apes and monkeys and other wild creatures.

In the middle of the day it is very hot in the forest. There is not a breath of wind. The birds are still. The animals crawl away somewhere and take a nap. Mr. Garner and Moses then have their dinner, and Moses goes to sleep in a little hammock inside the cage.

But about three o'clock in the afternoon the forest begins to wake up, and the animals and birds come out again to look for food. When it is dark, leopards and other wild beasts come out. Many times Mr. Garner would hear some of the larger beasts close to the cage, and he would get



out of bed and take his gun in his hands ready to shoot between the bars if he had to. But they could not get in, and he felt that he was safe, though sometimes it was not very pleasant.

This was the way that Mr. Garner studied the animals. When he came home he wrote a book about apes and monkeys. He had learned many interesting things about them, but he was never able to find out whether they really had a language.

stūd'ŷ

jū(i)ç'ŷ

lē(o)p'ards

THE JACK-O'-LANTERN

A HALLOWEEN PLAY

PLACE. The edge of a wood.

TIME. Halloween.

(A company of elves are at work. Some with brushes in their hands are painting the trees with frost. Others are covering the plants with dead leaves. One is shaking down nuts from a tree.)

FIRST ELF. There! I have shaken down enough nuts to keep the ground hogs alive all winter. The squirrels have no trouble in getting nuts. I don't need to help them, but I am sorry for the ground hogs. They can't climb trees, you know, and if some of us didn't shake down a few nuts for them, I am afraid they would go hungry.

SECOND ELF. We have been tucking this blanket of leaves over the violets. It is going to be cold this winter.

(Two goblins come in.)

FIRST GOBLIN. Ha! ha! ha! It was very funny. I went into the village, and was sitting on one of Doctor White's fence posts, waiting for the doctor to come home. I have a lame knee and I was going to have him look at it.

While I sat there two little boys came along. They seemed to be afraid of something. They peeked under the bushes and whispered to one another about the goblins. I said "Boo!" and you should have seen them run.

SECOND GOBLIN. You shouldn't say "Boo!" to children. That is just what gives us goblins a bad name. They all seem to be afraid of us. I don't know why. We are surely harmless enough, though we like to have a little fun now and then. I met a little girl tonight. I wanted to be very polite to her. So

I took off my cap and bowed and began to wish her a very happy Halloween. But she screamed, "O, my! a goblin! a goblin!" and she ran away as fast as she could go.

FIRST ELF. Yes, and many don't know the difference between goblins and elves. You goblins aren't good for much except to frighten children, but we elves are very useful. We are always busy, keeping the earth soft and taking care of the plants and the animals. But some of the children are afraid of us because you silly goblins say "Boo!" to them now and then. It is true that we look somewhat alike, though I think we are not quite so ugly as you.

SECOND ELF. And you have made some children afraid of even our cousins the brownies, those good little folks who

live in the cellars and keep people's houses neat and clean.

FIRST GOBLIN. Look! What is that light coming down the road? I don't like it.

SECOND GOBLIN. That is a boy with a pumpkin, and a candle in it. You don't suppose he will hurt you, do you?

FIRST GOBLIN. It doesn't look to me quite like a pumpkin. But if there is a boy behind it, I will scare him away.

(Shouts) Boo! boo! boo!

He doesn't get scared the way the other boys did. I don't believe it is a boy at all. And that terrible face is surely no pumpkin. I don't like it. I am not going to stay.

(Turns and runs away. A boy comes in with a jack-o'-lantern. He sees the Second Goblin.)

Boy. Hello! Are you a goblin?

SECOND GOBLIN. That is just what I am. You don't seem to be afraid of me.

Boy. No, indeed! I am not afraid of you.
I think it is fun to hunt for goblins
on Halloween.

SECOND GOBLIN. Do you know you have just
scared one poor goblin with your
jack-o'-lantern, so that he has run
away into the woods?

Boy. Ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! ho! Did I
scare a goblin? That is a good joke.

SECOND GOBLIN. No, it isn't. We goblins are
very timid. If we find that you are
afraid of us, we sometimes make queer
noises and dance about a little, but if
you are not afraid of us, there is no
fun in doing that. It hurts our feel-
ings to say "Boo!" to you and then
have you laugh at us.

Boy. I didn't know you were so timid as
that.

SECOND GOBLIN. You don't know much about
goblins.



BOY. I know enough about them not to be afraid of them.

FIRST ELF. That is right, boy! The goblins like their fun, but they can't hurt you. They are not good for much.

(Three more goblins come in, dancing and leaping.)

THIRD GOBLIN. Boo! boo!

FOURTH GOBLIN. Meow, meow!

FIFTH GOBLIN. Caw, caw, caw!

BOY. Ha! ha! ha! Are you looking for fun tonight? Good! Let us have some!

(Holds up the jack-o'-lantern and runs toward the goblins.)

THIRD GOBLIN. Oh! help! help!

FOURTH GOBLIN. I am afraid! Let us run!

FIFTH GOBLIN. It is something terrible!

(They run away into the woods.)

SECOND GOBLIN. Of course, I know it is only a pumpkin, but it does look rather

bad. I don't care to stay and play with you tonight. You can play with the elves.

(Runs off, looking back over his shoulder.)

FIRST ELF. I told you they would be afraid of you if you stood right up to them.

SECOND ELF. We have been working pretty hard all day, and tonight, of all nights, we ought to have a good time. Put your jack-o'-lantern down there on the ground and let us all dance around it.

OTHER ELVES. Good! good! A dance! a Halloween dance!

(They all take hold of one another's hands, with the boy among them, and dance around the jack-o'-lantern, singing.)

On Halloween
The elves are seen
A-tripping gayly on the green;
Now left, now right,
With all our might
We'll dance until the morning light.

THE THANKSGIVING DINNER THAT RAN AWAY¹

"It looks as if it were going to be a green Thanksgiving Day tomorrow," said Mr. Sweet, the grocer, as he helped Bruce to fill the little red cart with the things that grandmother had sent him to buy. The cart was pretty full. A fat turkey sat up near the seat. There were some potatoes and a big yellow pumpkin and a bag of turnips. Then there were the sugar, the cranberries, and the raisins and the nuts to go in, but Mr. Sweet was a wonder at packing. He put everything in place and then smiled at Bruce and at Hiram, who had come down town to help with the Thanksgiving marketing.

"Can you two fellows get home without dropping anything out?" he asked.

¹ Retold from Carolyn Sherwin Bailey's "Merry Tales for Children," by arrangement with the Milton Bradley Company, publishers.

“You know it is uphill all the way, and a steep hill at that.”

“Oh, yes, thank you, Mr. Sweet,” Bruce said. “We can do it!”

“Baa!” said Hiram in a loud voice, to show that he would do his part. Hiram was Bruce’s goat, and he could pull that little red cart up almost any steep hill.

Off they started and soon had left the shops behind. Tap, tap, went Hiram’s little hoofs on the sidewalk, and Bruce ran along beside the cart, kicking the dry leaves as he went. Thanksgiving tomorrow, and turkey and cranberries and pumpkin pies and raisins and nuts! No wonder Hiram’s feet twinkled along so gayly, and Bruce drove him with a hop, skip, and a jump. All those good things were right there in the cart. Soon they would be at grandmother’s door, and then the pie-making would begin.

Just before they reached grandmother's house they passed Claire's, and out of the kitchen door came the sweetest kind of smell. It was butterscotch cooking. Bruce thought he would stop and see Claire for a few minutes. That butterscotch smelled so good! So he tied Hiram to the hedge and went in.

"You are just in time to help me make some butterscotch," said Claire; and Bruce was very glad to help. They poured the butterscotch out into pans and waited awhile for it to cool. Then they ate some of it, and Bruce thought he had never tasted any butterscotch quite so good.

"I must go now," said Bruce at last. "You see, Hiram and I have the whole Thanksgiving dinner out here on the sidewalk."

But when they went out, Hiram and the dinner were gone.

"I tied him so carefully to the hedge," said Bruce, looking up and down the street; but there was not a sight of the cart or of the goat anywhere.

They went all the way to the bottom of the hill and as far as Mr. Sweet's grocery store. They spent almost an hour looking, but not a hair of Hiram, nor a single raisin or nut was to be found.

"It's too bad, and it's all my fault, too," Claire said, "for I was making candy, and you smelled it. I am going home with you to tell your grandmother just how it was."

When they got home there was Mrs. Flynn, who came sometimes to help grandmother when she had a large baking to do. But she was not baking now. Oh, no! she was telling such a wonderful story that grandfather and grandmother were both listening, and no one saw Bruce and

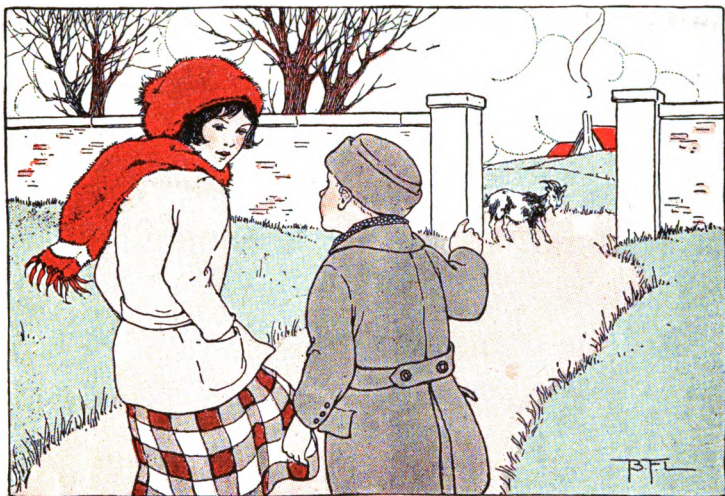
Claire when they came into the kitchen. Bruce and Claire stopped and listened, too.

"Not believe in fairies?" Mrs. Flynn was saying. "The fairies this very day, just a bit of a while ago, brought me and the children such a Thanksgiving dinner as we have not laid eyes on in years. A fat turkey and potatoes and a pumpkin and turnips and cranberries and nuts and all the makings of a pudding.

"Here were the children looking out of the window at the dinners going by, and all at once a little red cart all alone of itself rolled into our gate. Out ran the children just in time to bring it in. Such a dinner as we never had in our lives before!"

"You don't say so!" said grandfather. "That is fine, Mrs. Flynn, but rather strange, too."

"I am so glad," said grandmother.



Bruce and Claire did not know what to say. They went out into the back yard, and just then Hiram wandered in through the gate. Some green leaves hung from his whiskers, and a broken piece of rope was around his neck. Hiram was never able to hide anything he had done.

“Hiram has been eating from our hedge!” cried Claire.

“And he ate a part of the rope that held the cart,” said Bruce.

"And then the Thanksgiving dinner ran away down the hill and into Mrs. Flynn's gate," said Claire.

"Come in and tell grandmother. I think she will not blame us very much now," said Bruce.

"But we will not tell Mrs. Flynn," Claire added, "we will let her believe the fairies sent it."

Grandmother felt the same way about it. Grandfather said it would be fine for the Flynn children to have a cart to play with. Bruce could have a new one, and they would have chicken pie for dinner instead of turkey.

"How about Hiram?" Bruce asked.

"It looks as if it were going to be a green Thanksgiving Day," grandfather said. "You never need to worry about a goat."

And out in the yard Hiram answered, "Baa-a-a!"

IF I WERE SANTA'S LITTLE BOY¹

If I were Santa's little boy
 (If there's a family
Of Santa Clauses in the sky
 Or where their home may be),
If I were Santa's oldest son
(I only hope that he has one!)
And my papa should say to me,
"What Christmas present, son, would be
The very thing you'd like to see
Within your stocking Christmas Day?"
I wouldn't stop to think (would you?),
But say,
"I want to drive the sleigh!"
And then, when Christmas Week had come,
At nearly dawn on Christmas Day,
I'd load the sleigh with doll and drum
And find where the reindeer were tied,

¹ From "A Little Freckled Person," by permission of and by special arrangement with Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers.

And hitch them quickly up, and I'd
Shout very loudly, "Clear the way!"
And crack the whip and drive the sleigh
Down from the Pole and past the clang
Of loud icicles in a row,
Blown by the wind, to where the gang
Lives, in our street, and then I'd shout,
While frightened heads of boys stuck out
From opened windows, in surprise,
With tousled hair and sleepy eyes,
I'd shout out loudly so that they
Could hear each single word I'd say,
"Hey, Dasher, Dancer!
Faster, Prancer!
Run as hard now as you can, sir!
Stop your balking
When I'm talking!
We must fill each Christmas stocking
In a hundred million places!
Dasher, Dancer, mind your paces!
Don't you dare to break the traces!"



Then I'd shake the reins and shout
To milkmen that might be about,
"Clear the way
For Santa's sleigh,
Because I'm driving it today!"

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

rein'deer (rain) tou'sled (zl'd) ba(l)k'ing

SANTA CLAUS AND THE TOYS THAT CAME TO LIFE

PLACE. The workshop of Santa Claus at the north pole.

TIME. Two days before Christmas.

(Santa Claus is at a bench, making a jumping-jack. Other toys are around the room—a jack-in-the-box, a doll, several wooden soldiers, and a woolly sheep. It is late at night.)

SANTA CLAUS. Well, well! Here it is nearly midnight. Only two days before Christmas, and not all my presents are ready yet! I thought I had everything done. My bags were all packed and my reindeer were waiting in the barn, but today I got this letter, and I saw that there was more work to do.

(He takes a letter out of his pocket and reads.)

Dear Santa Claus:

I am afraid you never heard of us. We are a new family, just moved into the old house next to the meat market. We have never had much for

Christmas, but I want a doll, and Nell wants a little woolly sheep, and Johnny wants a jack-in-the-box, and Ned wants a jumping-jack, and Jane wants a Teddy bear, and Ben wants some wooden soldiers, and father is out of work, and we haven't any money. So, please don't forget us. It is the house next to the meat market and it has a big chimney. You can get down very easily.

Your loving friend,

Mary Brown

There! That meant more toys to make, and I have pretty nearly made them. There is the doll, and there is the jack-in-the-box, and there is the woolly sheep, and there are the soldiers. I have the jumping-jack all done but one arm. But I am very tired. I think I can do the rest in the morning. So here I go to bed.

(Goes out. After a few minutes the clock strikes twelve. All the toys begin to move. The jack-in-the-box pops his head out. The doll smooths out her dress and dances a few steps. The woolly

sheep says "Baa!" The soldiers march back and forth in line, very stiffly. The jumping-jack jumps and waves his one arm.)

JUMPING-JACK. I am glad Santa Claus got that letter. If he hadn't, I should not have been made.

JACK-IN-THE-BOX. You don't seem to me to be made yet.

JUMPING-JACK. I am made all but one arm, and some people get along very well with only one arm. Soldiers often have only one arm, and they are thought very much of.

JACK-IN-THE-BOX. Yes, but you are no soldier. You would jump at the sound of a gun. A soldier can have a wooden arm or a wooden leg and feel quite proud of it, but you are wooden all over.

JUMPING-JACK. It is quite as good to be made of wood as to be only an iron spring covered with cloth.

DOLL (stopping her dancing). What are you quarreling about? Don't you know that it is almost Christmas, and you are going to see the little Browns in the house next to the meat market? Are you going to be cross when you go to see them?

JUMPING-JACK. No, I am not cross. I am quite happy. Don't you see me jump? (Jumps and waves his arm.) But Jack-in-the-Box seemed a little down-hearted. I don't know why.

JACK-IN-THE-BOX. I am empty. That is what is the matter with me. Jumping-Jack told the truth. I am only a spring. Feel my ribs!

DOLL. That is too bad, Jack, but you know you couldn't jump so well if you had more inside you. Jumpers and runners never eat much when they are training.

JACK-IN-THE-BOX. So I have heard, but I am not training. There is a piece of candy that Santa Claus left on the chair. I am going to eat it.

(Takes the candy and eats it.)

JUMPING-JACK. It will spoil your jumping. I don't eat anything, and see how I can jump.

(Jumps and waves his arm. Jack-in-the-Box slowly sinks down into his box, out of sight.)

DOLL (to Jumping-Jack). I was sure that candy would do him no good. But I think we ought to finish you and give you that other arm while Santa Claus is asleep. And we ought to make Teddy Bear too. Then Santa will have nothing to do but put us all into one of his bags and throw us into the sleigh and hitch up the reindeer and be off. He has been working very hard. He has a long way

to go, and he really hasn't time to make any more toys.

JUMPING-JACK. That is a good plan, but I don't think you know how to make a wooden arm. Perhaps you had better make Teddy Bear. You, being a lady, ought to be able to sew, and I think most of the work on Teddy Bear is sewing. Now an arm, you know, is a job for a carpenter. (To Jack-in-the-Box.) Jack-in-the-Box, are you a carpenter?

JACK-IN-THE-BOX (from inside the box). Yes, I am a carpenter, if it comes to that. But you know I haven't any feet. I am just built into this box. So if you want me to make an arm, you must bring the bench.

DOLL. You ought between you to be able to make an arm. I will go into the other room and find some cloth and make Teddy Bear. I am sure I can sew.

(Goes out.)

JUMPING-JACK. If Santa Claus had only made my right arm first, instead of my left arm, I think I could have made the other arm myself, but I am not left-handed, and I don't think I can work with my left arm.

CAPTAIN OF SOLDIERS (to soldiers, who have been marching up and down). Halt! Order arms!

JUMPING-JACK. Are you ordering your soldiers to make arms for me?

CAPTAIN (to soldiers). Shoulder arms! Eyes right!

JUMPING-JACK. Yes, my eyes are right, and I have a shoulder, but I *do* need an arm. I need only one arm—a right arm. Could you make it?

CAPTAIN (to soldiers). Break ranks! Get to work. Make a right arm for this gentleman, and do it quick.

(Soldiers go to work. One gets a piece of wood. Another shapes it at the bench.)

WOOLLY SHEEP. Baa!

JUMPING-JACK. Do you want to help?

WOOLLY SHEEP. Baa! baa!

(Runs up and down.)

JUMPING-JACK. Yes, you want to help, too,
but you are no carpenter. You can't
even talk.

WOOLLY SHEEP. Baa! baa!

(Doll comes in with Teddy Bear.)

TEDDY BEAR. Woof! woof!

JUMPING-JACK (to Doll). Fine! But what did
you stuff him with?

DOLL. I stuffed him with some of the
shavings that came from you.

JACK-IN-THE-BOX. Then he is my brother!
(Jumps and waves his arm.) Yes, Teddy
Bear, you are my long-lost brother.

(Puts his one arm on Teddy Bear's shoulder.)

TEDDY BEAR. Woof! woof!

(Soldiers bring the arm that they have made and fasten it to Jumping-Jack.)

JUMPING-JACK. There! Now I am a whole man. See me jump!

(Jumps and waves both arms.)

DOLL. Now we are ready to have Santa Claus take us to the Browns, next door to the meat market—all except Jack-in-the-Box. What shall we do for him?

JACK-IN-THE-BOX (jumping up). I feel better. My spring has come back, and I am ready to jump for Johnny Brown. (A rooster crows.) But hark! the rooster! Hear him crow. It is almost day, and we must go back and be only toys again.

(The toys lie down and are still.)

WORDS FOR PHONETIC DRILL

For word lists containing classified groups of words in the earlier tables, see the Field First, Second, and Advanced Second Readers. Suggestions for teaching all the tables will be found in the Manual.

I. WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE, IN THE THIRD READER, ILLUSTRATING PHONETIC PRINCIPLES ALREADY TAUGHT

start	twine	short	treat
soil	frost	hall	crowds
ants	space	blaze	scratch
jar	leaped	cloth	chains
few	salt	hour	spoil
seat	brass	cells	tents
spry	moist	plain	ranks
moss	chance	quite	vines
loud	sharp	pause	flashed
cage	swift	spoke	stream
turf	dawn	sweep	fault
toy	flocks	lines	gleam
halt	claws	preach	place

hose	stems	canes	trunks
oars	thorns	birch	screams
harm	weave	beach	pound
apes	drive	armed	stretched
rage	spout	grain	church
darts	reach	churn	breathe
wade	pale	trace	least
tribe	morn	stones	sheath
robe	blur	steel	grounds
pool	crane	surge	switch
lawn	spurs	flecks	coiled
cure	poles	brooms	midst
hive	trail	cloak	French
shout	shown	fleece	smile
spice	cores	skies	stout
deal	grown	sway	state
jaws	roared	clown	smoke
beak	queen	brush	boil
gown	mound	chins	dressed
shapes	spoons	silk	packed
specks	quilt	trust	waists
blots	prize	sacks	loaves

II. COMPOUND WORDS

farmyard	cowslip	patchwork
milkweed	railroad	afternoon
sunshine	sunflower	blacksmith
sawdust	seaweed	hailstones
bluebells	dewdrop	sidewalk
milkman	huntsmen	woodpecker
playmate	herdboy	midsummer
daytime	hillside	overcoat
moonbeams	horseback	grasshopper
hayseed	fireplace	snowflakes
pinwheels	raindrops	fisherman
seasick	rainbow	newspaper
armchair	bluebird	butterscotch
birthday	sunbeam	blackbirds

inside	upstairs	within
outside	herself	without
upset	himself	maybe
upland	itself	cannot
uphill	myself	overthrew
upside	inmost	overcame

III. WORDS BEGINNING WITH A CLOSED SYLLABLE

(a) *A doubled consonant between the vowels*

letter	dipping	appear
upper	hammer	supposed
butter	leggings	attacked
bonnet	village	command
robbers	parrot	minnows
ribbon	currant	gallant
pollen	trotted	fitted
slamming	hopping	humming

(b) *Two different consonants between the vowels*

napkin	helmet	velvet
carpet	rascal	circus
asters	lantern	serpent
doctor	order	shelter
silver	tender	whisper
enter	harvest	thunder

(c) *Three consonants between the vowels*

monster	hundreds	explain
mistress	simply	complete
children	trembling	surprised

IV. WORDS BEGINNING WITH AN OPEN SYLLABLE

(a) *Closed syllables opened by removing the final consonant*

met	me	got	go
bed	be	not	no
hen	he	sod	so
wet	we	frog	fro
shell	she	it	I

(b) *Second syllable beginning with a single consonant*

lady	paper	over	began
major	music	ravens	because
odors	rubies	silent	decide
caper	moment	cozy	polite
grocer	labor	motor	hotel

(c) *Second syllable beginning with two or more consonants*

across	asleep	between	o'clock
afraid	awhile	despise	obliged
ashamed	agreed	destroy	idlers

(d) *Second syllable beginning with a vowel*

lion	giant	really	violet
cruel	quiet	poem	diamond
going	being	hoeing	trial

V. A FEW COMMON WORD-ENDINGS

er = more

clearer	larger	hotter
thicker	later	redder
taller	closer	wetter

est = most

softest	finest	biggest
sweetest	bravest	fattest
queerest	largest	gladdest

ly = in a manner

softly	plainly	foolishly
loudly	slowly	suddenly
sharply	sweetly	carefully

less = without

useless	harmless	homeless
careless	helpless	spotless
restless	fearless	worthless

ness = quality of being

kindness	freshness	greatness
stillness	sweetness	sickness

er = one who does

hunter	driver	runner
jumper	dancer	robber
dasher	baker	winner

ful = full of

useful	thankful	frightful
careful	peaceful	delightful
cheerful	joyful	wonderful

VI. A FEW COMMON PREFIXES

dis = not

dislike	displeased	disagreeable
disappear	discontented	disgraceful

mis = wrongly

mistake	mistrust	misfortune
misplace	mishap	misunderstand

un = not or opposite from

unkind	untied	unhappy
unlike	unjust	unfortunate
unseen	unknown	uncovered

VII. WORDS ENDING IN *tion* AND *sion* (PRONOUNCED *shǔn*)
AND IN *cian* (PRONOUNCED *shǎn*)

nation	direction	division
action	foundation	confusion
musician	magician	physician

VIII. WORDS ENDING IN *ture* (PRONOUNCED *tyŭre*)

picture	capture	nature
creature	feature	future
pasture	adventure	furniture

IX. TWO SOUNDS OF *s*

several	simply	promised
sandwich	sister	satisfied
solid	escapes	messenger
easy	husband	visitors
present	thousand	prisoners
daisies	noises	because

X. TWO SOUNDS OF *x*

except	excited	exchange
explain	express	excellent
exactly	examine	example

XI. TWO SOUNDS OF *th*

thorns	thousands	strengthen
thunder	thirty	lengthen
thicker	thumping	everything
thankful	threshing	sheath
thus	clothes	without
thither	gathered	hither
themselves	farther	breathing

XII. ACCENT

(a) *Accent on first syllable*

yonder	statues	butter
eagle	coward	partners
gather	uncle	stocking
difference	nursery	silver

(b) *Accent on second or third syllable*

perhaps	alighting	disappeared
appear	another	overthrew
afford	astonished	entertain
polite	adventure	lemonade

XIII. WORDS IN WHICH *i* IS NOT LENGTHENED BY FINAL *e*
(IN UNACCENTED SYLLABLES)

service	engine	opposite
promise	favorite	attractive
notice	medicine	automobile

XIV. WORDS IN WHICH *ph* HAS THE SOUND OF *f*

Philip	nephew	elephant
photograph	orphan	telephone
physician	alphabet	telegraph

XV. GROUPS OF UNPHONETIC WORDS THAT CONTAIN
SIMILAR SOUNDS

head	book	find	old
dead	look	kind	hold
death	took	bind	gold
breast	cook	blind	cold
heavy	shook	mind	told
leather	good	grind	piece
feathers	wood	wild	chief
pleasant	stood	mild	fields
breakfast	foot	child	believe

REVIEW OF PHONETIC PRINCIPLES TAUGHT DURING THE FIRST TWO YEARS

1. *A vowel in a closed syllable is usually short*

mistress	elfin	hundreds	humming
velvet	crackling	fitted	bunches
sandwich	pockets	bonnet	grunted
threshing	cricket	boxes	hedges
silver	thunder	yonder	basket
rapids	flocking	funny	fluttered
frosty	hollows	insects	planted

2. *Final e is silent and the preceding vowel is usually long*

drive	alike	suppose	fireplace
crane	alive	perfume	sunshine
smile	invite	complete	beehive
spoke	mistake	Ireland	porcupine
twine	surprise	nicely	pinafore
June	decide	secure	primrose

3. *In Vowel Digraphs the first vowel usually has its own long sound and the second vowel is silent*

eagle	daisies	floated	skies
peaches	raisin	loaves	spied
gleaming	chains	shown	tied
feelings	sway	sown	Sue
sleepy	pray	toe	statues

4. *Vowels when followed by r in the same syllable are modified by it, forming what is called a "murmur diphthong"*

murmured	order	barnyard
farmer	corner	firmer
nursery	larger	circling
Curler	Arthur	Garner
orchard	larva	partners

5. *In open accented syllables the vowel is usually long.
(See under b and d, on page 305.)*

6. *The sound of a before ll, ld, lk, and lt is usually that of aw*

hall	bald	talkers	salt
walls	scald	balking	halt
calling	chalk	Walker	malt

7. *The sound of a after w, wh, or qu (=kwh) is usually one of the sounds of o*

watchful	swan	what	quarrel
wandering	swamp	whatever	quarter
washed	swallowed	squashes	wharf

8. *The sound of o after the letter w is usually one of the sounds of u*

worms	word	worst	won
worry	world	worth	wonder
worker	worse	worship	wonderful

9. *Long u and its equivalents (ue and ew) have the sound of long oo after r, j, s with the sound of sh, and l preceded by a consonant*

rule	June	sure	blue
rubies	July	surely	glue
true	jewels	flute	flew
drew	jewelry	clue	blew

10. *The sound of c before e, i, or y is always soft (like s)*

pieces	cellar	city	cyclone
palace	except	circus	bicycle
Pacific	grocer	circle	fleecy

11. *The sound of g before e, i, or y is usually soft (like j).*

general	giant	ginger	gypsy
gentle	magic	cages	gymnastic
largest	raging	manage	gymnasium

12. *After d and t, the ending ed is a separate syllable; after c, ch, k, f, p, s, (sibilant), sh, and x it has the sound of t; elsewhere it has the sound of d*

faded	needed	started	invited
added	sounded	trotted	visited
pounced	baked	leaped	fleshed
hitched	roofed	chased	boxed
changed	gleamed	dared	snowed
fooled	whined	clothed	gazed

13. *Silent letters : k and g are silent before n; w before r; gh after a vowel; b after m, and b before t in the same syllable; t in certain words*

knives	wriggled	sighed	crumbs
knob	wrath	brighter	thumbs
kneel	write	mighty	doubt
knocked	wrapped	lightning	hasten
gnawed	written	fright	fasten
gnat	wrote	boughs	whistle

UNPHONETIC WORDS

By the time pupils reach the third grade they have acquired a considerable mastery of words. Of the 593 new words introduced in this Third Reader, all but 54 are phonetic and should be pronounced at sight by third-grade pupils. The new unphonetic words are given below. The numeral at the left is the number of the page on which each word first appears.

13. sugar	52. eight
19. Kawas	56. larvæ
26. bolts	59. pouring
30. beauty	60. steady
31. wampum	90. treasures
36. chance	115. laughter
42. cousin	121. curtains
pears	122. earn
raspberries	125. searched
prettier	127. solemn
43. afford	128. automobile
44. groups	139. soul
46. halves	143. suit

144. aunt
147. medicine
151. neither
162. swords
165. already
181. guarding
184. angel
192. dangerous
194. force
195. bulls
201. fought
205. England
211. prove
217. Campbell

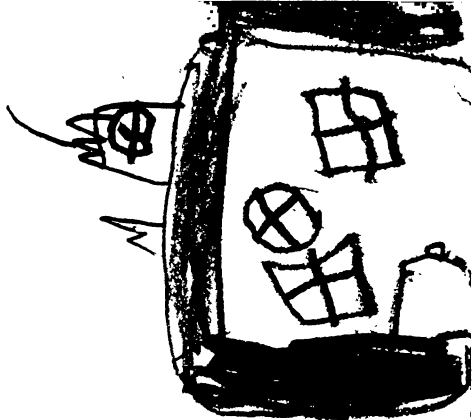
222. famous
233. ocean
238. language
246. moldy
247. St. Louis
252. Paris
255. double
256. Yankee
258. stomach
259. English
271. juicy
272. leopards
289. reindeer
294. forth

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